

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Oldest Mystery of the Flag
See the C.N. Monthly, My Magazine

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MR. TER MEULEN'S WAY TO HAPPINESS

VANISHED MEN REAPPEAR

THE ALPS GIVE UP THEIR DEAD

Mountain Men Looking for an English Boy of Long Ago 4000-FEET DIVE INTO A GLACIER

For more than half a century mountaineers have been waiting for the discovery of the body of Lord Francis Douglas. They have sought him year by year, have grown old with waiting, and some have died with their search unrewarded. All that time, high in the Alps, he has slept amid

The silence that is in the starry skies.
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

For his body is enclosed in a glacier. Year by year his sister, with a faith like that of Sir John Franklin's widow, urged on a new search. But she is dead, with the body undiscovered. Now, at last, it seems possible that the lost body may be found.

The intense drought of the summer has caused such a thawing on the Alpine heights that not only in the Swiss Alps, but in the French Alps and Tyrol, men who have been many years missing have emerged from their icy shroud, to be recovered by reverent hands.

After Many Years

One of this legion of the lost was Joseph Tresch, a member of a famous family of Swiss guides. He perished 18 years ago in the Gotthard Range, and has now been found at the foot of the Kliserstock. A school-teacher who fell to his death in the Piz Languard Range has been found after seven years, his body well preserved in the grip of ice, still almost as he died.

If there should be as little snow on the Alps during the coming winter as in the last, then all the bodies which lie stark in the great sheeted silence should be recovered next year, the men of the mountains say; and they have special hopes of the body of Lord Francis.

What the Watchers Saw

He perished in a tremendous Alpine tragedy. Until two o'clock in the afternoon of July 14, 1865, the Matterhorn, an Alpine peak 14,386 feet high, had never borne the footprint of man. Then it was conquered, and people at Zermatt, looking through telescopes, distinctly saw seven men upon its summit. They were the late Edward Whymper, the Rev. Charles Hudson, Mr. Hadow, Lord Francis Douglas, and three Swiss guides.

Lord Francis was a high-hearted boy of nineteen, and was so exhausted by the ascent, which began on the 13th, that he slept through the night in the snow—the others were too excited for slumber. The ascent was crowned with triumph the next day.

Then came the descent and the disaster. The party had not gone far when Michael Croz, a guide from Chamonix,

The Call of the Morning



We read in the next column how the glaciers are giving up their dead. Here we see one of these immense rivers of ice, by which a mountaineer is sounding his morning horn. From peak to peak the sound of the alpenhorn rings out at sunrise in Grindelwald, where these instruments, made of wood and bark, are familiar to all tourists

cut steps in the ice, then laid down his axe, and helped Mr. Hadow over an awkward place. He stood lower than his companion, and with his hands on Hadow's feet and legs he guided him to the niches he had hewed out.

As he did so Hadow's feet shot from under him. He fell on to Croz. Croz shot into space, with Hadow after him. They were roped together, but they were roped to the remainder of the party. In a flash Mr. Hudson was dragged after the first pair. Then the pull came upon Lord Francis, and he, in turn, was dragged down. Next Whymper and the two remaining guides were involved as the strain tightened upon them.

Of course it was all the work of a moment or two, but these three had seen what had happened, and they braced themselves for a mighty effort. Swift as thought they disposed themselves, as well as they could, for the strain. They held; but the rope snapped! Until then four men had been hanging on it—four men suspended from the bodies of three. With the parting of the rope they fell, not all in the same direction. The

bodies of three were recovered in a day or two, but young Lord Francis took an appalling dive of 4000 feet on to the Matterhorn Glacier.

And there his body has remained. Should it be found it may, even yet, be recognisable, apart from the injuries due to the fall. Ice is a great preserver.

A RICH MAN DOES A GOOD THING

The more nations know of one another the less likely will they be to go to war. It is good news, therefore, that Tokio, the capital of Japan, is to have a picture gallery filled with European paintings by the famous Masters of the present as well as the past.

This will be the gift of a very rich Japanese business man named Matsui Kata, who has made up his mind to spend a million pounds on it. The building is being designed by an Englishman, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A.

Europe has long admired Japanese art, but hitherto Japan has known very little about European painting.

SEA ATTACKS A LIBRARY

BLOTTING PAPER TO THE RESCUE

Remarkable Story of a Tidal Wave in Japan

JOURNALIST AND HIS BOOKS

"Morrison of Pekin" was a household name among newspaper writers before the C.N. was born. But he is dead, and it is necessary to remind C.N. readers that he was a splendid Australian who settled in China, became a famous Times correspondent, and gave up journalism to act as political adviser to China when she became a republic.

He collected a noble library of books relating to China, and at his death this library was bought by a wealthy firm of scholars who desired to establish a seat of Oriental learning in Japan.

Library Crosses the Sea

In due course the Morrison library was packed in cases and dispatched by steamer to Japan. The destined port was reached without untoward incident, and there the cases were transferred to warehouses on the quay. Then the unexpected happened.

Libraries have been destroyed by fires lighted by bigots, as in the case of Alexandria, when half the accumulated knowledge of the ages perished; libraries have perished at the hands of barbarians; they have gone piecemeal to the fire at the hands of ignorant domestic servants. But this great library was destroyed by a tidal wave.

We have recently had a high Thames tide which has wrought incalculable damage, but this enemy of Japanese learning was a wave born in the sea. The wave swept in upon the port, drowned the quays, flooded the warehouses, and engulfed the crates enclosing the precious Morrison volumes. Many people have had similar experiences in miniature when burst pipes have flooded libraries, and they have sold the sorry result to the second-hand bookseller for next to nothing.

Books Spread in the Roadway

The Japanese were wiser. We do not know whether they offered sacrifices to the ancestors of the man who made blotting-paper, but blotting-paper was their hope and salvation. They took all of these moistened books from the cases, opened them, and spread blotting-paper between the pages.

Thousands of people were set to work at this, and the books which Morrison of Pekin had lovingly collected were spread out over the roadways of the port.

Great are the uses of blotting-paper. There must be those still among us who remember the days when sand was used to dry the written page, but not the most silvery sand would have redeemed the Morrison library from the effects of Japan's salt sea.

A REVOLUTION IN AGRICULTURE?

NEW THING FROM GERMANY

Astonishing Experiments in Doubling Crops

SOLVING THE FOOD PROBLEM

It is said that some amazing experiments that have been carried out in Germany may lead to a revolution in agriculture and solve the world's greatest problem—that of food.

How are the populations of the various countries to be fed as they increase? It has long been obvious to all thinking people that the only hope for the world lies in the development of agricultural science, so that two blades of wheat or maize or rice may be made to grow where only one grew before. The problem is a pressing one, and Dr. Riedel of Essen, a German scientist, seems to have obtained marvellous results.

As we all know, the green leaves of plants take carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and in some way produce starch and sugar to feed the plant.

Gas for Plants

Now, the ordinary atmosphere contains only about one twenty-fifth of one per cent. of its bulk of carbon dioxide, or four parts in every ten thousand parts of air; and twenty million cubic yards of air are needed to furnish the carbon for a tree whose wood weighs ten thousand pounds.

Knowing all this, Dr. Riedel conceived the idea of speeding up the growth of plants by giving them extra supplies of carbon dioxide.

Living and working in a great manufacturing district, Dr. Riedel realised that vast volumes of carbon dioxide, harmful to man and beast, were being thrown into the atmosphere every hour, and lost. He calculated that an iron-works dealing with 4000 tons of coke a day in its blast furnaces produces about 250 million cubic feet of carbon dioxide. There were, therefore, immense supplies available.

Speeding Up in the Greenhouse

He set to work, designed a process of arresting the gas, and took out patents. Then he put his great idea into practice. He set aside three greenhouses, in each of which the same kind of plants were grown under similar conditions, except that in one house extra supplies of carbon dioxide were to be supplied from blast furnaces. The test began in June.

The results were such as to amaze even the scientist. A few days after starting the test the leaves of a castor oil plant in the greenhouse supplied with gas measured a yard across, while the largest leaf of a similar plant in the other greenhouses was about 18 inches. The height increased correspondingly. Tomatoes in the greenhouse supplied with gas weighed 175 per cent. more than in the other houses, and cucumbers showed an increase of 70 per cent.

Barren Land Made Fruitful

At the same time experiments were made in the open air, gas being supplied to a plot of land through openings in cement pipes arranged all round. The gassed plot showed an increase of 150 per cent. in spinach, 180 per cent. in potatoes, and 100 per cent. in parsley.

Quite recently the experiment has been tried of gassing a barren and hitherto uncultivated piece of land not very far from Berlin, and the results have been equally remarkable.

There seems to be no doubt that fertilising the air with carbon dioxide is a more efficient and cheaper way of increasing the crops than treating the ground with manures. In greenhouses in winter the same coke furnace that supplies the heat will provide the additional carbon dioxide.

Dr. Riedel believes that before long ironworks will be systematically supplying carbon dioxide to farmers.

WRITING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

STRIKING WIRELESS FEAT

Inventor Sends a Signature From Paris to America

HOW IT IS DONE

By Our Wireless Expert

It is only a few years ago that a remarkable invention was causing widespread interest in London—writing by electricity by means of an instrument known as the telewriter.



Edouard Belin

A man could ring up a shop on the telephone, give an order, and then take up a pen and write a confirmation of the order and sign it; and the telewriter instrument would, without human agency, also pick up a pen, and write on a pad of paper exactly the same characters. Today, by a different method, the French inventor Edouard Belin has succeeded in sending by wireless written messages from Paris across the Atlantic to America, and from America back.

Everyone knows that before long it will be possible for business men and women to talk across the three thousand miles that separate England and America, and to carry out business transactions. Belin has actually stolen a march on the wireless telephone, and made it possible to send a document with the proper signature from Europe to America within a few minutes.

The Arm on the Drum

Strange as it may sound, it is today easier to achieve these wonders by wireless than by cable telegraphy. So that it is not astonishing that, having succeeded in transmitting photographs by wire, Monsieur Belin has sent written messages by M. Briand and General Pershing across the Atlantic.

The message to be wireless is written on a sheet of paper, and a photograph is taken of this and printed by a well-known process in gelatine on a strip of paper attached to a revolving drum. A little arm traces over the drum, and whenever one of the raised gelatine

The Best Thing Ever Said About the C.N.

The C.N. letter-bag is full of pleasant things that come from the ends of the earth. Mr. Rockefeller could not buy them from us.

But it seems to us that the best thing ever said about the C.N. was said by a well-known man in Denmark who has never been to England and knows of us only by his reading. He reads the C.N. each week, and he said to a friend:

You can't help loving that country after reading that paper.

Who could fail to be thrilled and satisfied with a tribute like that?

characters passes beneath it the arm itself is raised. On being pushed upward the arm presses against an electrical contact which operates the wireless apparatus and flashes a signal.

This signal, received perhaps thousands of miles away, is made to twist a tiny mirror out of its position, and the mirror reflects a beam of light on to a sensitive photographic film which is revolving at the same rate as the drum.

As soon as the travelling arm has passed over the entire surface of the writing the two drums will have completed their course, and the photographic film on development gives an exact facsimile of the written message.

Business transactions often require the actual signature of the man who is directing them, so that this helps us a step forward in international commerce.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Last month was the sunniest October for a hundred years.

A motor-car has been brought by aeroplane from Paris to London.

There are about 40,000 columns at the Giant's Causeway in Antrim.

A man at Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire, has killed 289 rats in two nights.

The famous McGill University of Montreal has just celebrated its hundredth birthday.

Unused Land in the U.S.A.

Recent investigations show that there are today 1000 million acres of unused land in the United States.

Nameless Mountains

There are 130 mountains in California which rise to more than 13,000 feet, and at least 60 have no names.

A Big Shop's Turnover

One of the biggest shops in London sells goods equal to its entire stock every 44 selling days.

A Civilisation Tax

The Australian Government is proposing to tax the natives of New Guinea ten shillings a head for education.

The President's Tea-Room

President Harding has just been to have tea in the house which was the British headquarters in the War of Independence.

Canada's Timber

It is calculated that one-third of the standing timber in Canada is spruce, of which there are 150,000 million board feet suitable for lumber.

The Bones of Dante

Some fragments of the bones of Dante were stolen many years ago, and have just been put back in their place in the poet's tomb at Ravenna.

A Lady Professor

Miss Hilda Johnstone, of Manchester, has been appointed Professor of History at London University. She will be at Royal Holloway College.

Prohibition Canada

An attempt to compel a transport company to carry drink through Prohibition territory in Canada has failed in the Supreme Court at Ottawa.

Small Schools

In New York State there are 3000 state-supported schools with not more than ten pupils. Fifteen have one pupil, 52 have two, and 167 have only three.

World's Lost Power

The available water-power of Europe, the United States, and the British Empire is reckoned at 140 million horse-power, with 18 millions developed.

A Two-egg Hen

A Tunstall reader claims that his brown hen has laid two eggs a day, at the same time, on sixteen days. He only has three hens, and each morning there are four eggs.

If Something Happened

An ingenious American has discovered that a million people live in the heart of New York in streets that would not hold half of them if something happened to empty every building.

A Costly Error

By a typist's error £1000 too much was paid to a Glasgow hotel-keeper as compensation. The hotel-keeper is now in Australia, but efforts are being made to put the matter right.

A Boy's Long Walk

A boy who walked 800 miles from Geneva, in Indiana, to see his father said: "I always slept with my feet toward the east and kept track of the turns I made during the day."

Mothers' Day

Our friend the Rector of Giggleswick-in-Craven, the Rev. T. P. Brocklehurst, writes to tell us that Mothering Sunday is still kept up in Yorkshire, farm-workers going home to their mothers on that day.

NEW IDEAS FOR THE AIRWAY

Quicker and Cheaper Travel in the Sky

LIGHTER AEROPLANE ENGINES & POWER-SAVING FOR AIRSHIPS

The Air Ministry has been testing what is claimed to be the most compact aircraft engine in the world, and the lightest for the power developed.

It is an engine of 450 horse-power, known as the Bristol Jupiter, and the great saving in weight has been made possible by doing away with the water-cooling apparatus usually found necessary in high-powered motors. Many smaller engines, of the rotary type, are air-cooled, but no successful high-powered engines of this type have yet been made.

The new Bristol Jupiter is very much like the smaller rotary motors in appearance, its nine cylinders being arranged in similar fashion—like the spokes of a wheel; but in this case the whole engine does not rotate. This arrangement allows a flow of cold air to pass round each cylinder, and so does away with the necessity of having them cooled by water, which is the method used in engines with cylinders set in pairs behind one another.

Safe and Dangerous Gases

The tests of the new engine were equivalent to 10,000 miles' flying at 100 miles an hour, with eight people on board; and a new commercial aeroplane, now being specially built for this engine, is expected to lessen the cost of air travel considerably.

Another aircraft improvement concerns the use of wasted power on the big lighter-than-air liners.

We do not seem to be moving any farther ahead in the cheap production of helium for airships, and hydrogen, a very dangerous gas, is still universally used.

Even this is by no means a cheap gas, however, and much is wasted during every flight. As the engines use up the petrol so the load is lessened, and gas has to be discharged from the envelope to decrease the lifting power of the airship, which would otherwise rise higher than was wanted.

Now it has been discovered that hydrogen mixed with petrol gas gives great efficiency under certain conditions, and experiments are being conducted with a view to utilising in this way the hydrogen that was formerly wasted. This will not only mean economy, but will increase the range of an airship.

CHANTICLEER

The Cock Crows in Paris

The Place de la Bourse, in the heart of Paris, is not precisely countrylike, and nothing there seems to recall any rural remembrance.

That is why the thousands of people who pass through every morning on their way to business raise their heads in surprise and amusement at the superb crowing of a cock hailing the day! It is said that, somewhere in this quarter, somebody has had a fowl-house built on a roof.

In any case, chanticleer is here, crowing in the Place de la Bourse for all the world as if he were an emperor.

A WALK IN OCTOBER

From North Devon comes a list of 62 flowers found during a late October walk in a country lane; eleven strawberries were also found.

Wild roses, honeysuckle, primroses, and wild strawberries are reported from Sedburgh.

Raspberries have been gathered in Cambridgeshire and freshly gathered strawberries were actually exposed for sale in a Cambridge shop in November.

JOURNEY OF A SOUND

NOISE THAT MEASURES
THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

The French Navy Does a Good
Piece of Work

NEW DEVICE FOR SHIPS

By Our Paris Correspondent

A device has just been perfected in France which must have a great future.

When we hear of sounding the depths of the sea what is meant, of course, is that the floor of the ocean has been plumbed with a lead weight; but the day may come when the sounding will be actually done by sound itself.

It has always been difficult to get at the exact depth of the waters on which a boat has to make its way, and the operation may sometimes take an hour, during which time the boat has to stop. But it seems that it is all to be extremely easy now, for we shall send a sound to the bottom of the sea and measure the time it takes to bounce back to the surface. It will bounce back like a ball from the ground.

The Sound That Comes Back

The idea of making use of sound for this purpose is not quite new. For a long time the great perviousness of water to sound has been the subject of experiment, and many trials have been made to test the time required by a sound to reach the bottom of the sea and come back again. All such experiments, however, have been up to now without much practical issue.

As soon as the war was over the French Navy began studying the question again, and the experts have now been rewarded with encouraging results. It is generally known that the speed of sound through water is much greater than through air; in water a noise would travel 4500 feet in a second, compared with a speed in the air of only 1650 feet; and the idea of the new device is to measure the time a noise takes, after leaving the ship, to return.

It will be thrown back on touching solid earth, and as its speed is known it is a simple matter to calculate the distance it has been. It is necessary, of course, to measure with the utmost precision—as near as one-tenth of a second—the interval of time that lapses between the sending out of a sound and its return to the surface.

Many Difficulties

There have been immense difficulties in the way of these experiments. In shallow water the time between the departure of the noise and its return is, of course, sometimes so short that only a very sensitive apparatus can register it. The influence of the weather and the varying density of the water, even the rolling of the boat itself, are all obstacles that must be overcome if the new device is to work perfectly.

But in spite of all these difficulties the experiments are reported to be favourable, and Professor Langebin has reached such a satisfactory stage with his investigations that he can make soundings from a ship regularly every two minutes while the vessel is travelling at a speed of eight or ten knots an hour.

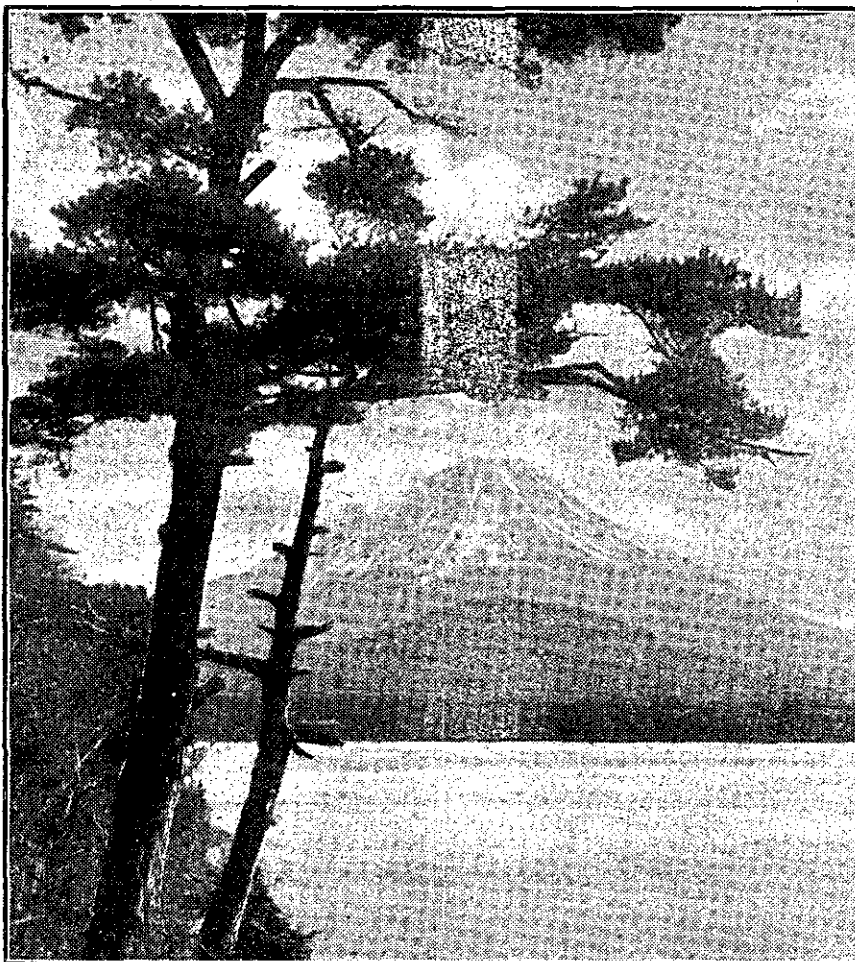
The day will probably come when we shall have on the decks of our ships, just as we have a barometer now, another apparatus that will mark any rocks or shallows that might endanger the safety of the vessel.

In the Auction Rooms

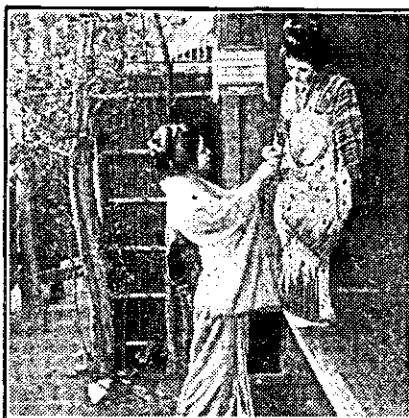
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

The town of Reigate . . .	£203,000
A Jacobean dining-table . . .	£630
An engraving by J. R. Smith . . .	£620
16 Chippendale chairs . . .	£295
A Chippendale sideboard . . .	£278
16th century suit of armour . . .	£184
A Toulouse gander . . .	£26
Skeleton of a horse . . .	£6

JAPAN, THE LAND OF PEACE & HOPE



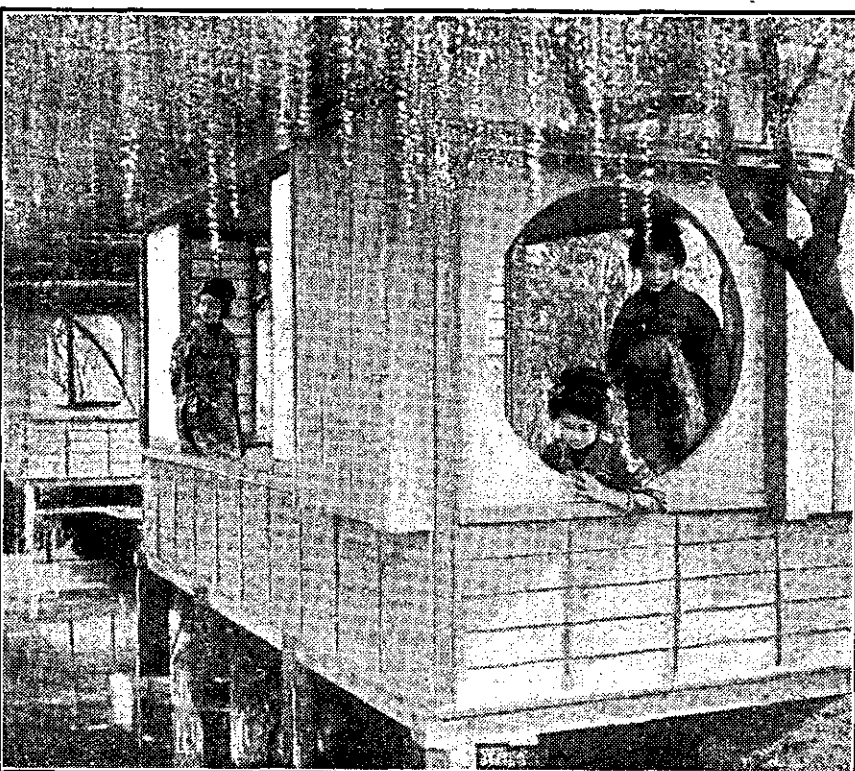
Fuji-yama, the highest mountain in Japan, which is a dormant volcano



An afternoon call



Visitors on the verandah



A dainty tea-house underneath the wistaria

Japan, the land of quiet and peaceful scenes like these, has it within its power to respond to the hope of the world at Washington, where the Disarmament Conference will have to decide on such pressing questions as the finding of room to live for overcrowded millions of Japanese people

MR. TER MEULEN

AND HIS FAMOUS BONDS

A Great Idea for Putting the
World's Trade Right

WHY IS IT NOT DONE?

By Our Economic Correspondent

Every now and then some name leaps into prominence in the world or becomes, we know not how, a familiar word. One of the latest of these belongs to a Belgian economist, Mr. Ter Meulen.

Until recently Mr. Ter Meulen's name was only known to a small circle of thinking people. Now we see it every day in some grown-up paper. That is because he suggested a method of reviving trade in Europe by the use of State-guaranteed credit bonds, familiarly known as Ter Meulen bonds.

Unfortunately, it has to be added that not all the arguments have yet succeeded in making Ter Meulen bonds more than a name. There has been plenty of talk about them, but none yet exist! It remains to be seen whether any ever will come into existence.

The World Upset

The world war upset the world's trade so badly and so much disarranged the customary working of the commercial exchanges between nations that credit was largely destroyed. Credit is the confidence which one man, or one firm, or one Government has in another that a promise to pay will be met at some future time. Unless men possess such confidence trade becomes difficult or impossible. So it comes about that men in Europe desire to trade with one another, and need so to trade, but lack of confidence prevents the beginning.

The Ter Meulen bond scheme is a plan to meet this great difficulty.

Countersigned by the League

A State, under Mr. Ter Meulen's scheme, is asked to pledge revenue-producing assets to guarantee credit bonds, under the survey of the League of Nations. It can issue such bonds to responsible citizens to enable them to buy goods abroad. The foreign supplier is thus furnished with a credit guarantee. He knows that the bond is good, for it is guaranteed by the Government of the country with whose citizen he is dealing, and it is countersigned by the League.

The importer pledges the Ter Meulen bond with the foreign exporter. When the exporter gets paid he returns the bond. If he does not get paid he has the bond, which covers his debt, for it has the imprint of the League of Nations guaranteeing that the Government that issued it has given security for its value.

Everybody declares that the scheme is good. In September 1920 the International Financial Conference at Brussels approved it. In November 1920 the League of Nations gave the plan its formal sanction, and a little later an International Credits Office was set up at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, London, to work it, with Sir Drummond Fraser as organiser.

America's Help Needed

But so far there is no result. It appears that really responsible importers do not need the bonds, and that irresponsible ones cannot get them.

That is not to say, however, that nothing will come of it. A State can issue Ter Meulen bonds to guarantee credits which it requires itself as a Government. This aspect of the matter is now under very serious consideration, and Sir Drummond Fraser is in America trying to enlist the help of the American Government in obtaining credits for impoverished States, such as Austria.

We must all earnestly hope that something will come of this. With good help the poor States of Europe could balance their accounts, restore their own credit, and cease to live on paper money. Then the international exchanges would work again, and all the world would profit.

CIVILISATION REACHING A CRISIS AMERICAN'S WARNING Eloquent Appeal to Those Who Won the War IN THE NAME OF THE DEAD—DISARM!

On the eve of the Disarmament Conference, Senator Borah of Idaho has made a great Disarmament speech, from which we gladly take this column.

The Senator is one of the greatest advocates of peace in America, and has been waging a crusade against Militarism in and out of the Halls of Congress for years. What he says here all men know to be as true as it is grave and urgent.

Secret diplomacy and intrigue, he declares, brought about the war, and now the war-makers are at it all again.

It is now nearly three years since the war closed, and we are back to the old system. The victors are now invoking it against one another. The people are being taxed in all these countries for vast armies and huge navies.

The Road to Ruin

The same system of secret negotiations is relied upon to solve the problems which confront us, and already the system is bearing fruit.

You know, and we all know, it means economic ruin. It means moral breakdown. It means industrial peonage for the masses, and it may mean in the future, as it has always meant in the past, wounded and mangled bodies and shattered minds and millions dead, even before another decade has come.

Who can stop this trend of affairs? Who can change this hideous programme? Nobody can stop it but you, the People, the people of this country, the people of Great Britain and of Japan, the people as distinct from governments.

Need for Sunlight

These foreign affairs touch you so vitally, say the advocates of the old school, and so deeply that, while you may be asked to lay down your life in regard to them, yet they are too delicate and too complicated for your consideration. You must trust your agents. Such a course, such a system, has brought the world to the verge of universal strife and has deluged three quarters of the globe in war.

Give us a little more, democracy in foreign affairs. Let the sunlight of publicity beam upon the dark and secret places. Let us know what is going on before it has been concluded.

We have reached a crisis in civilisation. The old system has failed. Disarmament will come only at the command of the people, united and determined, persistent and untiring.

The first step has been taken—a conference has been called, but it will accomplish nothing except it be directed by the commanding voice of public opinion.

What General Smuts Said

In the name of the dead upon a thousand battlefields, in the name of the countless millions bending under the crushing burdens of war, in the name of the maimed and wounded who crowd our streets and hospitals, in the name of all who hereafter are to inherit the earth, let us not lose interest. Let us resolve that the conference shall not fail, that our hearts and hopes and prayers will brace and direct and command the men who have this responsibility upon them.

The most hoary-headed lie which ever tormented the human race is the old, worn-out lie that great armies and navies are assurances of peace. It ought not longer to vex the ears of the people or disgrace the lips of leaders. Armies and navies are incitements to war. As General Smuts, the finest mind and the best heart in Europe uncovered by the Great War, has nobly said: "If the instrument is ready for use, the occasion will arise and men will arise to use it."

LOST MANTLE OF AUSTRALIA Continent Under Ice EXPLORER'S NEW LIGHT ON A MARVELLOUS PAST

By Our Natural Historian

To multitudes of Australians visiting England the wonder of our British winter is the snow, which many parts of the island continent never see. And yet we now learn that their own home was once a mass of snow and ice piled up age after age. What Antarctica is today Australia once was, a land on which rested a mantle of ice like an armour of death.

Yes; like our old Europe of bygone days, like the North and South Poles of today, Australia has had its Ice Age. Sir Edgeworth David, one of Shackleton's old comrades in the Antarctic, has just returned from an expedition into Central Australia, where he has found evidences of that frigid era when Australia could have known no animal life.

Round about Yellow Creek, near Crown Point, he discovered signs of stupendous action by the ice that has vanished. Today the noon temperature of the district is as much as 120 in the shade; but in those dim, grim days of old it may have been as many degrees below freezing point. Where the ice slowly formed, slowly moved, and slowly ground the rocks to powder a desert now exists, which after rain comes to life and teems with flowers.

Action of the Ice

The action of the vanished ice must have had much to do with fashioning that curious slope of Australia inwards toward a central basin, so that rivers do not wind toward the Australian seas, but mostly lose themselves in the interior. The water is there, but it sinks into the ground and is absorbed by porous sandstone thousands of feet thick. Even where it issues in springs, or is pumped up, it is so highly charged with mineral matter as to be undrinkable.

The great salt lakes of South Australia are supposed to be devoid of life, but the mystery is that thousands of gulls flock around the lakes and make a living there. There must be life in these lakes, or the birds could not thus obtain their food.

CITY'S LIGHT FROM INSIDE THE EARTH

New Orleans Has a New Idea.

In the course of about 18 months it is possible that the city of New Orleans, in the United States, will be lighted by natural gas, carried from a distance by pipe-lines.

For some time past there has been a dispute between the city authorities and the ordinary gas companies, and this has led to other sources of lighting being considered.

Not a great distance from the city is an oil-field, and there natural gas can be tapped direct from the earth. A survey of the field has been made, and it is now proposed to lay twin pipes to the city at a cost of about £3,000,000, and so render the authorities and the inhabitants quite independent of the gas companies.

The work is expected to take about 18 months, and it is a simple engineering feat, save for the crossing of the Mississippi river. That difficulty, however, will be surmounted, and a suitable site for the crossing has already been selected at Natchez.

It will be very interesting to see a city of nearly 400,000 people lighted by natural gas from inside the earth.

A BOY'S DIARY

If you want a little book for making a note in every day, with a fine thing worth learning for every week and lots of useful hints worth following, the Boys' Life Brigade Notebook for 1922 is the very thing, and it costs next to nothing in these days.

OLD LADY'S LAST SIGHT OF THE WORLD Story of Two Little Girls and a Fairy Book

By a Correspondent in France

Most gladly we give this story of a kindly old French lady and two bright English children. It is sent to us by the children's father, and we hope it may be the means of finding the children's friend, from whom we should be glad to hear.

In St. Germain-en-Laye, a suburb of Paris, there lived until the other day an old French lady and her husband.

They had both lived in America about 25 years, but had returned to their own country to end their days, and were spending the summer in this charming little town.

The old lady was quite an invalid. She had become deaf, and the doctors had told her that her sight might go at any moment. The old gentleman, a tall figure with a snow-white beard, used to walk sometimes on the terrace of St. Germain, overlooking Paris, but the greater part of his time was spent in sitting with his wife, overlooking the entrance to the park.

Just Arrived from England

On the opposite side of the road an English family came to live—father, mother, and two little girls, Dora aged ten and Peggy aged five. To the children everything was a source of great interest, for they had only just arrived from England. They had learned enough French to go shopping for mother, and great was their delight when they were allowed to take a basket and go alone. They skipped along in high glee day after day, little knowing that across the way the old lady and her husband were watching.

To the old couple the coming and going of the children became the daily interest of their lives. But, alas! a day came when the old lady could not notice all the doings of Dora and Peggy, for she was gradually becoming blind. Yet each day she sat and watched them at their play, while her eyes drew rapidly dimmer. When she could no longer see them at all her husband would carefully describe their passing.

A Lovely Gift

So gradually the summer went and autumn came, and at last the old couple went away, leaving no address. Not a word had they spoken to the children, but one day after their departure there was sent across to Dora and Peggy a beautiful edition of Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, with this little note inside it:

From an old blind lady to two lovely little girls, whom, before completely blind, she used to see trudging along so wisely with their little basket. With good wishes for their welfare, and good-bye.

If this should by chance reach the house of the old lady—it cannot, alas! reach her eyes—two little C.N. girls send her their greetings, and thousands of other C.N. readers, we are sure, will join with them in sending their good wishes.

ICELAND AND SPAIN A Peculiar Situation

A curious situation has arisen in Iceland, which was the first country to prohibit entirely the manufacture, importation, and sale of alcohol.

The Prohibition law interferes with Spain's exports to Iceland, and Spain has now given notice that she will refuse to renew her trade agreement with Iceland unless the Prohibition law is repealed and alcohol allowed.

As the Spanish market for dried fish is very important to Iceland, the threat of the Spanish Government to impose double duties is rather serious to the Prohibition country, and strong influences are being brought to bear upon Spain to refrain from tempting Iceland to repeal a policy so good for the country and so popular with the people.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY GREAT THINKER WHO LOVED WORK Founder of the Royal Exchange POOR WOODCARVER WHO BECAME FAMOUS

- Nov. 20. Queen Victoria's first Parliament . . . 1837
21. Sir Thomas Gresham died in London . . . 1579
22. Lord Clive died at Moreton-Say . . . 1774
23. First gold arrived from Australia . . . 1852
24. Spinoza born at Amsterdam . . . 1632
25. Sir Francis Chantrey died . . . 1841
26. Prince William lost in the White Ship . . . 1120

Spinoza

BARUCH SPINOZA, one of the world's deepest thinkers, was the son of a rich Jew whose family had been driven from Portugal by religious persecution, yet when Baruch, as a young man of high promise, began to think for himself he was driven from the midst of the Jewish community, and lived a life of poverty, earning a scanty living by grinding and polishing lenses.

Spinoza might have had other positions. He was offered a professorship of philosophy in Germany, and the French king and wealthy Dutchmen would have given him comfortable pensions, but he preferred to earn his living with his own hands and be independent.

God was the supreme object of Spinoza's study. His teachings of how we should try to live in accordance with God's ways were noble, and his own life was pure and unselfish; but he was persecuted by the people who dreaded thinking, and treated as if he were a bad man.

We, however, know better now and respect him greatly, though we differ from many of his opinions.

Sir Thomas Gresham

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, the founder of the Royal Exchange, was one of the first Englishmen to become famous by the management of money passing between nation and nation, or, as it is now called, international finance.

He was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, and was himself a member of the Mercers' Company. In his day merchants were the lenders of money to kings, and Antwerp was the headquarters for such business. Gresham frequented that city and knew its business methods. It occurred to him that London might well have a larger share in such profitable transactions, and he was successful in making it a busier financial centre.

So clever was he that Queen Mary sought his services though he was an avowed Protestant.

Gresham died a wealthy man, and left a large part of his fortune to charities and such public objects as education. Though the funds he left have not been well managed, as, unfortunately, is often the case with endowments, some educational advantages are still being reaped from his generosity.

Sir Francis Chantrey

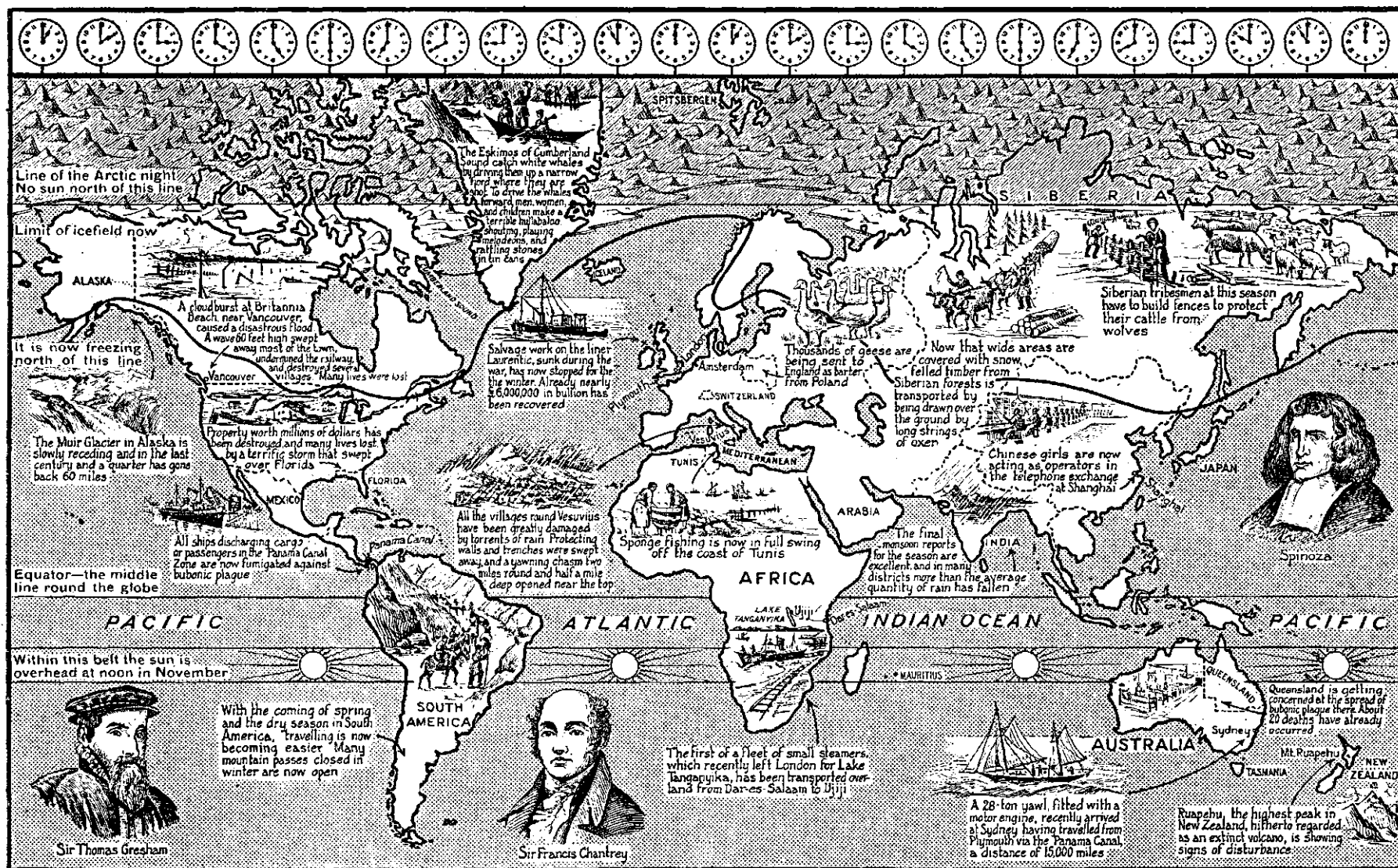
SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, the great English sculptor, particularly of portrait statuary, was born of poor parents just outside Sheffield.

As a lad he was apprenticed to a wood-carver, but soon began to practise modelling and portrait-painting, and secured so many orders that his master cancelled his indentures and allowed him to follow his inclinations.

After some study in London he chose sculpture as his special form of art, and rapidly gained a wide popularity and made a large fortune.

When he died, at the age of 60, he left his money to promote the art of painting, and nearly £3000 is now available yearly from the fund to purchase new pictures that illustrate the best British art of the period. These pictures then pass into the national picture galleries and become public possessions, forming a continuous illustration of British art.

PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING WEATHER EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD MAN FLIES

And Finds an Unknown Sister

A STORY FROM AUSTRALIA

A remarkable story comes from Australia of the unexpected results of an air flight by a man 103 years old.

William Dick went out from Scotland to Australia 70 years ago, and has lived in the Commonwealth ever since. His great age has made him conspicuous, and when, one day last February, he expressed a wish to see an aeroplane, it was felt that he ought to be given that pleasure.

Nay, more; when some public-spirited airmen flew their machine over to where he lived, they took the old man up for a ride, to his great delight, and showed him his home from a height of 3000 feet.

The newspapers, of course, told the story, and proud fellow Scots saw that it was sent home, as well they might, for even Scotland has not many sons using aeroplanes at the age of 103.

And so the news of William Dick's existence and whereabouts reached a house in Dundee where lived a lady who thought he might be her long-lost brother, who had left Scotland before she was born.

Letters followed, and the two proved to be in truth brother and sister. Thus the brave old man's ride in the clouds found him a sister across the earth.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Andromeda	An-drom-e-dah
Chamonix	Shah-mo-nee
Dérôulède	Day-roo-layd
Grindelwald	Grin-del-vahlit
Idaho	I-dah-ho
Fuji-yama	Foo-je-yah-mah
Piz Languard	Peets Lahn-gward
Toulouse	Too-looz

A BOGEY KILLED

Summer-Time Good for Children

As a reason for abandoning summer-time it has often been alleged that it was bad for children, who do not like going to bed while it is still light, and therefore stay up too late and do not get enough sleep.

That bogey has been knocked over by the chief medical officer of the London County Council. There is no evidence, he says, to support the allegation; summer-time is just as much a benefit to children as to grown-ups, and even more.

There may be children, he admits, who do not go to bed at the right time, but that is their own fault or the fault of their parents, not the fault of the Act which makes seven o'clock in the morning really six o'clock and allows us to enjoy daylight until 9 p.m.

POWER BY WIRELESS

Electricity Carried Over a River

For a long time past experiments have been made in different countries to transmit power by wireless, and at last success has been attained and factories are working with power transmitted to them without wires.

The Germans have erected two great towers on the banks of the Elbe near Dresden, each over a hundred feet high, and from these they transmit power to a village across the river and to several other places on the same side as the towers. The current thus sent, without the aid of wires, is strong enough to work machinery for industrial purposes.

So successful has this preliminary attempt proved that other installations are being fitted up in different parts of Germany to supply electric current for factories by wireless. Picture on page 12

A MAN'S GOOD PLUCK

And a Dog's Good Luck

"Don't you hear barking?" someone asked Police-constable Gulliford at the top of a disused iron mine near Dulverton, in Somerset.

They listened, and heard a small dog calling for help somewhere down the shaft.

"Poor little beggar!" the constable said, and then he added: "I'm going down to fetch him up."

A rope was fetched, and a lantern and a sack, and soon Gulliford was being lowered into the mine. Down, down he went, and at a depth of 120 feet he found a fox-terrier on a ledge, terribly frightened and hungry.

Somehow it had fallen over the edge. How long it had been there no one could tell, but it was fierce with fright, and when its plucky rescuer tried to get it into the sack it resisted, and he had to struggle with it all the time he was being pulled up.

However, 38 minutes after he had started the man was at the surface with the dog, both very happy.

The constable has been given a silver medal in recognition of his kindness and courage.

EATING UP A HOUSE

Extraordinary Feat of Rats

A house has been closed by the Neath Town Council because it is overrun by rats.

The inspector declares that he was met at the front door by hundreds of huge rats, scampering in and out of the building like children in a playground. They seized loaves of bread from the table and devoured them; one loaf they dragged under the grate.

The rats had destroyed the skirtings, flooring, the cupboards and banisters, and had forced the occupants to clear out of the place.

INSECTS ATTACK A SHIP

Passengers Driven Below

BLACK BEAR'S SAD FATE

A strange adventure has recently overtaken the steamship Spokane, travelling from Skagway, in Alaska, to Seattle, in Washington State.

It was attacked by myriads of mosquitoes, which descended on the ship so suddenly that there was no time for the men to close the doors and port-holes of the cabins.

The insects covered the windows of the pilot-house until it was impossible to see, and the swarms were so thick that the men on deck could hardly breathe. Passengers and crew were driven below, and even there had to fight hard for their breath.

A black bear was chained up near the fore-castle, and this was terribly tormented until it became frantic and jumped overboard. The chain, which became twisted round its neck, prevented it from falling into the sea, and the poor creature hung over the side of the ship until it was suffocated.

The vessel was about 150 miles off the coast when the insect swarms were encountered, and they had evidently just migrated from their breeding grounds in the vast Alaskan swamps. After the vessel had passed through the danger zone millions of mosquitoes lay about on the decks, and had to be cleaned away with the hose-pipe.

Though many people do not know it, mosquitoes are even more numerous in these northern latitudes than farther south. In Greenland and Siberia they often darken the air, and Nansen tells how during his crossing of Greenland they settled on his hands until it appeared that he was wearing a pair of black gloves.

In some parts of Siberia great areas of territory are rendered absolutely uninhabitable in summer by the swarms of mosquitoes.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 19 1921

At Last

"At last!" said the Frog who had fallen into a can of milk and, after struggling hard all night, found himself at dawn standing on a pat of butter!

At last! say we, and all who have been struggling to show that justice and mercy and generosity are more worth while than violence and spite. For we have been looking at a book Signor Nitti has written, and reading the speeches of Mr. McKenna.

Now Signor Nitti was one of the Allied Prime Ministers, and Mr. McKenna, our great War Chancellor, is now at the head of the biggest bank in the world.

And what is it these men say? They say just what the C.N. has been saying for a long time past. "Forget the hatred of war," cries the Italian statesman:

Only by working together as comrades can the nations put together again the machinery on which the continuance of civilisation depends.

What, after all, is civilisation? We all know what being civil means. It means being courteous, helpful, friendly. When men become comrades instead of savages, they are civilised.

We could do without electric light and telephones and still maintain our civilisation if we continued to live in peace and harmony, but once we lose comradeship and kindly fellow-feeling we return to the condition of savage animals.

That is what Signor Nitti sees, and says courageously in his new book on Europe without Peace. Mr. McKenna, looking at the world from a business man's point of view, tells us, with unmistakable seriousness, that we must all work together if we are to find the way out of our troubles, and that trying to trample on one another can only make our troubles worse.

To have two such men preaching such truths as these is something. It means that in time the world will change its mind about nations being natural enemies and about war being unavoidable. No one now says that individual men and women are natural enemies, though the idea that nations of people must be enemies has been spread by kings and courts for ages in order to provoke wars to prop up thrones.

How are such stupid ideas got rid of? First, they are challenged by a few unimportant people; then the leaders of mankind take up the challenge; then the world listens to its leaders and says: "I always thought there was something in it."

Once again this process is working. Every day more people are saying what we have been saying; and every day brings us nearer the conversion of our politicians to the truth that shines like stars.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Jolly House of Lords

WE are quite sure that even the House of Lords must be glad to have a laugh sometimes, and it had a splendid chance the other day.

It has been found that, according to the law, those who pay for bets with cheques can get their money back if they lose—quite a jolly thing for those who lose in a game that knows no honour.

A noble lord has been talking about the hardness of this thing on those queer men called bookmakers, and this is something like what he said:

If there were no betting there would be no racing; if there were no racing there would be no horses; if there were no horses we could not win our wars; therefore betting won the war.

Is it not all most wonderful? If there were no toffee our small boys would be miserable; if small boys were miserable they would pine away and die; if they pined and died they would not grow into soldiers; therefore Mackintosh's toffee won the war.

It is the jolliest world we ever were in.

If Washington Failed

A STRANGE accident has startled a small village in Germany, a wave of poisonous gas passing over it, so that a hundred people fainted.

A tragic little item in the news, but if Washington should fail and the War Men get their way against the People we shall read in the papers of some future day a paragraph like this:

A wave of poisoned air passed over Liverpool and Birmingham last night. Two hundred thousand people lie dead in the streets, and fifty thousand are blind.

We should be sorry to have to write a paragraph like that in twenty years.

Hats Off

"If by working ten hours a day instead of eight," said the police of the County of Dorset, "we can help to keep the rates down, we will do it whenever we are asked." So they save the ratepayers £11,000 a year.

Thus the Dorset police set a fine example to us all in these times of need and difficulty. These policemen and their officers have shown a true spirit of comradeship. They put themselves in the other fellow's place, saw what a burden the rates were, and lightened them.

Hats off to the Dorset Police!

Too Clever

ONE of the best things we have seen said about Japan was said the other day by a bright little man with the fine big name of Marquis Nakano Mikado. "Japan is not going to war," he said; "she is too clever."

There is a whole world of wisdom in that for those who call themselves the statesmen of Europe. Our War Offices go blundering on to war because they are not clever enough to keep the peace.

Tip-Cat

THE cinema shows us at our worst, we are told. We agree, but at least it does its best to screen us.

SOMEBODY says Mr. Lloyd George is like a submarine. But he never goes under.

A WELL-KNOWN tradesman says the ledger is the conqueror of the world. But his clerk rules it.

THIS is a great year for chestnuts. The comic papers will be glad.

WE hear of two smart young ladies who call one another "old fruit." What a pair!

THE moon is ahead of its time. Better than working after hours.

THINGS might be blacker, says the Prime Minister. We hope he will not try to keep anything dark.

BOUND to be under-paid: The receipt stamp.

BEAUTY powder is to be taxed at the docks. What will Powder-Nose do now, poor thing?

High and Low

By Peter Puck

Do not think you are either a mule or an ass. Just because you don't stand at the top of your class; You will win to the heights, though your pace may be slow, If your mind is not sticking to things that are low.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If street organs
play music by
Handel

A Mighty Hunter

By Her Papa

IN her picture-postcard album There are horses, cows, and dogs.

She's collecting snails and beetles; She'll go miles to play with frogs.

Birds and insects, fish and mammals,

Fill her mind from dawn to tea, And it's only for a story That she ever comes to me.

ALL her games are of the jungle: She is chased by awful bears, She sees tigers in the bushes, Snakes and wolves behind the chairs.

She has killed whole herds of bison, She has tamed a chimpanzee, But a tiny bleeding finger Brings her back to mother's knee.

OH, but when she is a reader Won't my humble stories pall? Will she need her mother's kisses When she scorns to mind a fall? She is growing, she is spelling, Pulls out teeth without a fuss— In the days so swiftly coming What will bring her back to us?

Twenty Minutes Against Eternity

By Our Country Girl

HAVE you ever seen a good man and a gentle man roused to anger? This was our experience the other day.

A notable scholar was showing us one of the most precious books in the whole world. It is 1200 years old, and its journey down the ages is full of adventures which link it up with Saxon, Norman, and English history.

Most lovingly and reverently did this scholar turn the vellum pages and point out to us with kindling eyes strange characteristics of the ancient monks' Latin.

And then, turning back to the early pages, he suddenly exclaimed in a voice of anger and ringing indignation: "Now look at this! Did you ever see anything more abominable?"

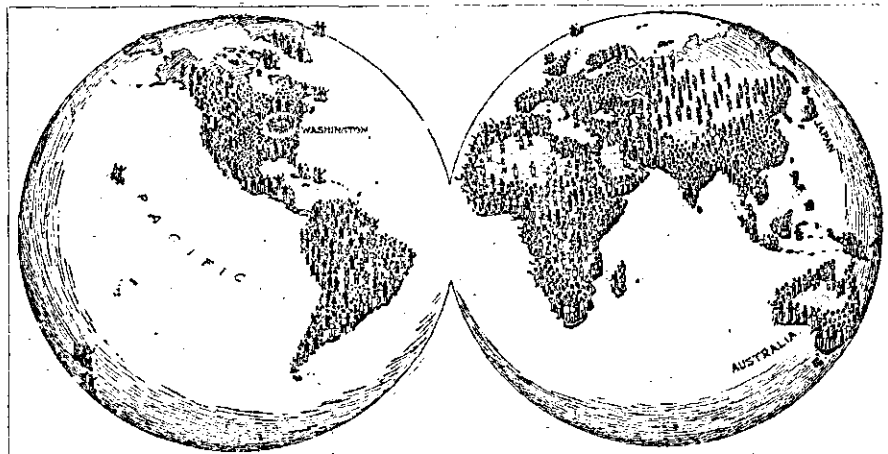
The pages were covered from top to bottom with a blackish smear.

"Someone in the past," said the scholar, "poured gall on these pages in order to decipher them more easily. Gall brings out ink with great clearness for twenty minutes, and then blots it out for ever. He must have known that. No one now will ever be able to read these pages. Can you imagine a more wicked selfishness?"

What a parable! We thought at the time, and still think, of those who do not care how the rest of the world may fare as long as they get what they want. All the trouble of life comes from men and women who count their twenty minutes against eternity.

Tennyson to the British Delegates at Washington

No little German State are we, But the one voice in Europe; we must speak, That if tonight our greatness were struck dead There should be left some record of the things we said.



The Whole World Looks to Washington

November 19, 1921

The Children's Newspaper

7

TO LEEWARD IN THE JUNGLE

HUNTER'S PRAYER AND THE SAILOR'S DOOM

Life and Death in the Way of the Wind

MYSTERIOUS SENSE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

By Our Natural Historian

The sailor's prayer is that he may be preserved from a lee shore when a gale rages; the hunter's hope is that he may be to leeward of an infuriated animal from which he seeks to hide.

In a recent issue of the C.N. this point momentarily eluded a member of the staff who, in interviewing a hunter who saved his life from an African elephant by his knowledge of tactics, spoke of him as getting "to windward, so that his scent might not betray him" to the furious monster.

Animals That Rely on Scent

From a rectory where the C.N. is welcomed week by week our attention is drawn to this slip. "In approaching animals," our correspondent writes, "it is important to keep up-wind—that is, on the leeward side—so that the wind blows from them to oneself." That is known, of course, to the many young field naturalists among our readers, who follow their bent in studying animals not so terrific as elephants. But the student of nature knows to what an astounding extent animals rely on scent. Here is an instance of it.

At this time of the year stags are dangerous creatures, and it was at such a season that the writer, climbing in the Scottish hills, suddenly found a company of stags bounding up from invisibility to the brow for which he was making.

Elephants' Dim Sight

Would they charge? They sighted him! Yes, they would! They threw up their heads and snuffed the air. No, then, they would not! He was to leeward of them; the wind was sweeping down from them to him, and the writer knew that, so instinctive are their impulses, they would not attack unless they could scent as well as sight the intruders on the scene of their annual battles.

There are animals which hunt by eye and nose combined; there are animals which hunt by sight only; others which hunt only by scent. The elephant is so dim of sight that it relies almost entirely upon its sensitive trunk to smell out an enemy. A horse which has never seen a bear will sweat with terror as the scent comes down-wind from such an animal, hundreds of yards away and out of sight; and it will shy with unaccountable horror at the scent left by a single camel which has marched away 24 hours before the horse's arrival.

Smelling the Enemy

Antelopes, zebras, and other animals, when they go to drink at the water holes where lions and leopards lie in waiting for them, do not see or hear the enemy. They smell them and flee; or they fail to smell them and are devoured.

Savages have a wonderfully developed sense of smell. The Australian black-fellow, as the native is called, has a nose as keen as a hyena's, and his eyes are telescopic in their range, yet microscopic in their power to detect a bend in a blade of grass or a turn in the stones—eloquent

Continued in the next column

THE FAMILY BIBLE GOES HOME

DURING the miserable Boer War of 20 years ago New Zealand sent a contingent of troops and one of the volunteers carried back with him to New Zealand, as a memento of his experiences on the veldt, a family Bible which he found in a Boer farmhouse.

Now Time's healing power and the wise recognition of the South African people have made Boers and New Zealanders comrades in war and friends in peace, with sport as their only rivalry.

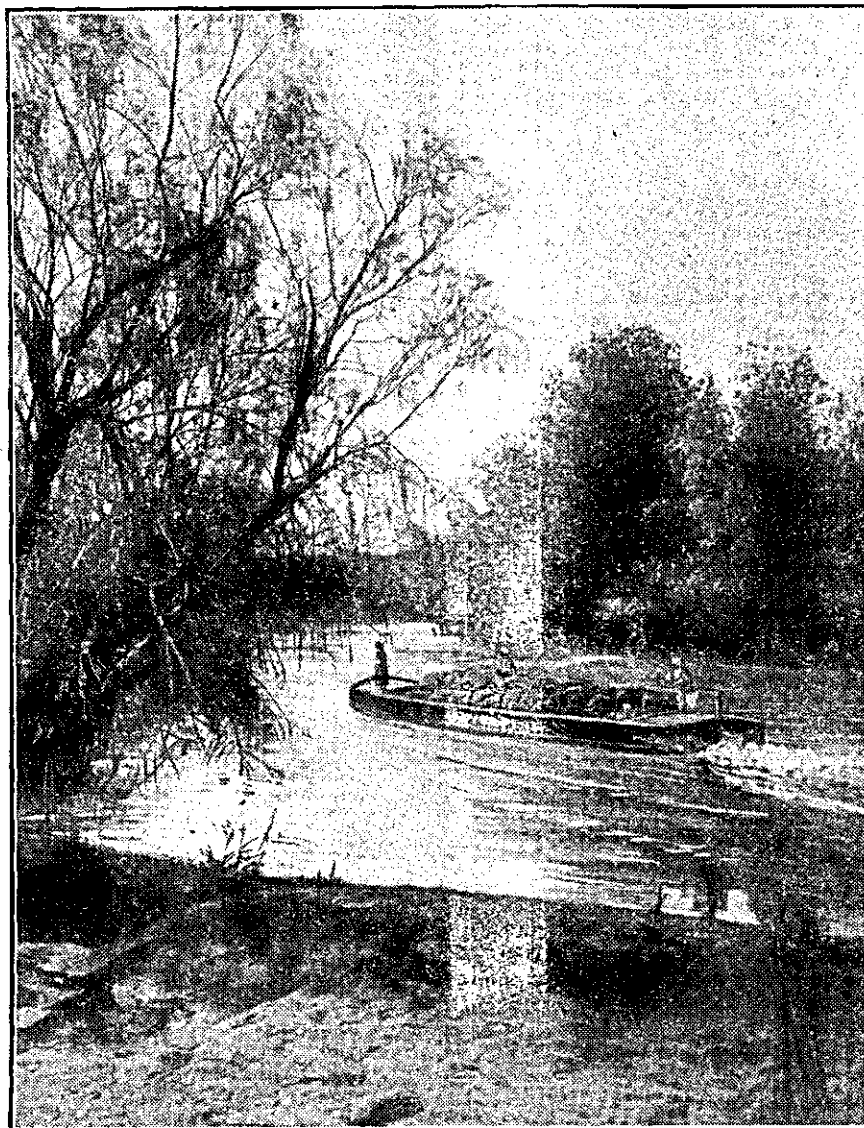
That rivalry has taken a team of sportsmen, the Springboks, from South Africa to try conclusions with the England of the Pacific, and among the first to welcome them in the far south were

the veterans who had fought against some of their fathers in the war.

Among the visiting sportsmen was one Olivier, whose name was recorded in the family Bible which the New Zealand possessor had for some time been thinking of with increasing uneasiness. Had he done right when he took that Bible as a souvenir?

It is pleasant to know that the adventures of the Bible have reached a happy climax, for at a dinner welcoming the Springboks to Auckland the Bible was restored to those who valued it most, and started on its way back to South Africa to continue the family record of the Oliviers.

THE MOTOR-BOAT ON THE JORDAN



Palestine, which has remained unchanged for so many centuries, is now, under British rule, fast adopting modern ways, and motor-boats are being placed on the Jordan to carry produce between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. This picture shows a scene on this river of sacred memories, with a motor-barge travelling upstream

Continued from the previous column

evidence to him that he is on the track of game or some white wanderer lost in the waterless desert.

Civilised men are greatly inferior to animals and savages in this respect; we find food without smelling for it, and secure our lives without the use of our noses. Yet even with us the nose is a sentinel on guard. It is the nose that awakens a sleeper when gas escapes and fills the house; it is the idea of burning that the nerves of smell telegraph to the brain and wake the person whose house is on fire. The sailor is terrified by a lee shore because the wind is blowing him on to it; but when the wind carries a tale of physical presence, then we wish to be to leeward of the object over which it is blowing.

There is a touch of magic in it all; the same organ which entrances our senses with the perfume of the rose stirs us to volcanic energy when it instantly analyses the particles brought to it and declares them to be poisonous gas or fire.

In an animal the same organ picks up minute particles from the air, and says to the lion, "deer to be eaten;" to a wild elephant, "a tree for supper," or "a man to be pounded into the earth;" to a tame elephant, "a man who was your friend 40 years ago;" to a wolf, "the footprints of a living creature to be followed 20 miles;" to the deer, "a lion to flee from;" to the lordly stag in his autumn tantrums, "a human being to be gored to death."

Windward ever for the sailor; leeward ever for the man whose lot is cast among beasts in the wilds or beasts in civilisation which have seasonal spells of wildness. The nose is the gateway to the brain, and was one of the first senses developed to perfection. We have less need of it; the animals live by it in some cases, and are led by the nose to far-away mates, to distant prey, to safety from hidden foes, to vengeance upon lurking destroyers. The nose is the closest parallel in nature to the receiver of wireless waves in telegraphy.

THE MEN OF THE HIGH ROCK

PASSING OUT OF HISTORY AFTER 1000 YEARS

Hapsburg Dynasty's Last Page in Time's Book

END OF A WILD ADVENTURE

A few weeks ago one man killed another. The murderer now lies under sentence of death.

A few weeks ago one man caused the deaths of five hundred and wounds to twice that number. He is to be sent to Madeira to live. He will be given a comfortable home in the island, which is one of the world's favourite holiday places on account of its beauty and its climate.

Why does the law claim its penalty from the murderer of one and let the murderer of the five hundred go practically free? Because he is an ex-emperor, and caused the loss of life and the wounds in an attempt to regain the crown of Hungary, which he and his ancestors had worn for over 200 years.

Last of the Emperors

Kings and emperors have so long exercised the right to send men to their deaths that this crime of Karl Hapsburg did not shock the world. No thought of trying him for murder seems to have entered anybody's head.

Perhaps, however, that would merely have made a hero of him in the eyes of thoughtless people. It may be better that the last of the Hapsburg emperors should live on, like the last of the Hohenzollerns, as pathetic reminders of the old folly of kingship by special permission of God.

It is nearly ten centuries since Counts of Hapsburg began to attract attention. They took their name from their home in what is now the Republic of Switzerland. It was on a high rock called Habichtsburg, or Hawk's Castle. In 1273 Rudolf Hapsburg was elected emperor; the Holy Roman Empire, successor to the Caesars, was flourishing, and its ruler had great power. The men of the high rock were out on a fine career.

"By Right Divine"

Rudolf began at once to add to his possessions, which were then small. He went to war with Bohemia and seized for himself most of what is now Austria. He also aimed at keeping the title of emperor in his family for ever.

This was not accomplished for about two centuries. Then the Hapsburgs set up their claim to rule by divine right and went on for some 400 years. In the early 19th century Napoleon broke up the Holy Roman Empire, but the Hapsburgs still kept their hold on Austria, as well as on Hungary, which had come into their possession in 1687, and where they ruled as kings in succession to the old Hungarian kings, beginning with St. Stephen.

Troublers of Europe

Under them they had people of several nationalities—Slovaks, Croats, Rumanians, Slovenes—besides the German Austrians and the Hungarians. These nationalities they tried to extinguish instead of trying to conciliate them. Their rule was incompetent all round, and for a long time it was foreseen that a break-up was bound to come. The Great War gave the small nationalities their chance; they turned against the Hapsburgs and helped to bring about the defeat of the Central Powers. Even the Austrians decided to have no more Hapsburg rule.

The long line of these Hapsburgs is now at an end. For a thousand years their ambitions have troubled Europe, and helped to cause countless wars and swell the river of human misery. Now they are gone, for the good of Europe and the world.

PAMPERED COLOSSUS OF BANGKOK

WHITE ELEPHANT OF SIAM

The Striking Sight in the
King's Stables

A FIGHT WITH A TRAM

In England a "white elephant" stands for something that appears to be of value while it is really an encumbrance to its owner; but a white elephant in Siam is an actual living creature, and its possession is supposed to bring good luck to the reign in which it is found.

Certainly the hunter who discovers a white elephant receives a handsome sum of money. All the white elephants captured are presented to the king, and no elephant, in fact, can be either taken or shot without a special permit.

When a white elephant is captured it is brought to the capital with great public rejoicing. The last one brought to Bangkok was floated down the river on a raft, with bands playing.

Sight of the Country

At present there are a number of white elephants in the royal stables, and visitors to Siam count them one of the sights of the country. Probably they are disappointed because they expect to see animals much whiter than is the case, for the so-called white elephants are really albinos, and are at best not more than a dirty grey or reddish colour. Still, they look very different from the ordinary elephant, and they have light-coloured eyes, white toe-nails, and pink skin at the end of their trunks.

But whereas the ordinary animal has to work for his keep the white one enjoys a royal luxury. Formerly they were kept in splendour, with trappings of velvet and gold and servants to wait upon them. Until recently even the national flag of Siam had a white elephant on a red ground, but when the country entered the Great War on the side of the Allies a new flag was introduced without the elephant. It consists of two red stripes, two white ones, and a broad blue horizontal stripe in the centre.

A Street Scene

Although the white elephants do no work they sometimes cause considerable excitement in Bangkok. A few years ago one of them got out of control while being taken to the river for his daily bath. He made for a tram—for Bangkok had electric cars before Birmingham—and played with the car until he caught sight of a rickshaw being pulled by Chinese coolies, to which he gave chase. The coolie loosed the shafts, which at once flew up, throwing the passenger out on to the hard road. Happily, the elephant stopped to wreck the rickshaw, and so the man escaped.

Siam is rich in herds of elephants, which roam wild in the great part of the country still covered with jungle, where the royal tiger, the unassailable rhinoceros, and many other interesting creatures, are to be found.

On the Borders of the Jungle

Often these wild elephants cause much damage to crops in villages bordering the jungle. Two years ago the writer visited a village and found the people in much trouble on account of an elephant which had left the herd and paid nightly visits to their rice-fields. He had already killed three men who had tried to drive him away, and had taken up a police boat in his trunk and flung it into a clump of bamboos before retreating to his ambush in the jungle.

The tame elephants are valuable workers, especially in the teak-wood jungles of the north, where they show wonderful sagacity in dealing with the timber blocks in the streams down which the logs are sent to the main river.

They work together most intelligently in the yards of the saw-mills, where they use their trunks, tusks, foreheads, and knees when stacking the logs.

WINTER COMING

How the Little Czechs
Enjoy It

CHRISTMAS DELIGHT

By Our Prague Correspondent

The hot summer has scarcely gone before the winter winds blow bitterly across the river and the thermometer drops to zero in a day and a night.

Yesterday there were a few flakes of snow in the air; today the winter is on us in earnest—snow in deep drifts, with great piled banks along the streets, where the horses plod bravely, shod with spiked shoes; and the children run gaily to school with their little sledges—the only time one sees Czech children really playful. They throw themselves on their sledges, and go skimming down the slope far out across the frozen river.

Already the shops are brilliant, all in scarlet and black, decked with small dolls in black and red, with gilded twigs for wands. There are Christmas trees, too, more than you ever saw together in your life—trees twelve feet high, and little trees that a baby can carry in her arms as she trots about.

The trees stand sentinel in the snow along every broad avenue, they crowd at the entrance to the bridges; there is a dark forest of them in every market place, upright and brave as when they first left their silent hills, for they are planted in the frozen snow.

Christmas Tree Man

The tree must be perfect before you buy it. Are the branches too full on this side, or too scanty on that? Our Christmas-tree man cuts away here, drills a hole there, and inserts a plume of green, and so you have a round tree fit to be loaded with all the pretty things the shops can offer. There are most charming toys, among them the wooden toys made by the peasants in the long winter, cows and sheep and horses not an inch long. And there are tiny specimens of Bohemian glass, too, covered with pink roses or with black-and-white figures; and the little toy villas or farms or castles designed and carved by real artists.

All these are the delights of this cold weather here. But if it is cold in hill-sheltered Prague what must it be in the open country? The wind blows up the river and freezes one, then it dies down, and a mist rises and spreads slowly along, rolling up the banks.

PICTURE TYPEWRITER

New Alphabet Toy

A useful and interesting toy typewriter for teaching young children the letters of the alphabet has been invented by Mr. P. Darnley, of Stockwell, London.

The machine, which is practically indestructible, has a circular keyboard on which are the letters of the alphabet. When any of these keys is pressed the letter is printed and beside it a small picture of some object whose name begins with that letter.

With A, for instance, is printed an apple, with B a ball, and so on. In this way the children soon learn the order of the letters and the initials of words. Their interest is aroused and their memory assisted. The children's typewriter can be so arranged as to take interchangeable signs, and thus progressive lessons in reading and spelling might be given.

Mr. Darnley has also invented a simple calculating machine for teaching arithmetic to children, and he claims that this mechanical aid will save an immense amount of time, and at the same time enable the children to understand better the principles of addition and subtraction and multiplication.

AN EGYPTIAN SECRET

Has It Been Found?

By Our Paris Correspondent

Doctor Edmond Bartha of the Paris Medical School, who has specially studied the chemical traces to be found in Ancient Egyptian mummies, has just discovered a new embalming fluid which he believes may be the same as the Egyptians used.

By the use of this balm an appearance of life can be maintained in a body for a period of from 20 to 50 years. The fluid is pumped into the veins, and after several days the body becomes rigid.

Discussing this matter, somebody has been recalling the adventure of the mummy of a Pharaoh which arrived in France many years ago.

The famous Egyptologist Maspero had discovered the mummy and sent it, carefully packed, to France. At the Marseilles Custom House the officials unpacked the box and were amazed to find its contents.

"Ques aco?" they burst out in their Provençal dialect. "What is it? Does it pay any duty?"

At last one of the officials broke off a little fragment, and after tasting it made an ugly face and declared it salt fish! "It comes under the heading of cod tariff," he said.

So the great king paid duty as a cod!

OLD HOUSE DISCOVERY

Secret Storehouse of the Bees

A reader sends us an account of a long concealed storehouse of vagrant bees.

An English family long resident in Switzerland determined to return to the home country, and bought an old house in a remote Suffolk village.

One of the bedrooms, with an abundance of window room, was painted and repapered, and was as fresh and clean as it could be, yet as soon as it was occupied a sickly sweet smell was noticed in it.

As the smell seemed to get worse rather than better every cupboard was opened and ventilated, and every possible place ransacked, but the smell remained.

As the year advanced bees were observed to be particularly busy, especially outside one window. The workmen were called in, and the window-frame and the woodwork near by were removed, and there was found an incredible amount of honey stored away.

The collection of the honey had evidently gone on for years. It was of excellent quality, filled many pots, and served the family for a long time.

CAN A SNAKE POISON ITSELF?

Odd Case from Australia

If a snake bites another cold-blooded creature will that creature die?

There has been considerable difference of opinion on this interesting point of natural history, but a curious story related in an Australian newspaper shows that snake-bite is just as fatal to cold-blooded creatures as to warm-blooded ones.

An Australian backwoodsman slightly disabled a black snake. While he was examining it the creature bit itself. In three minutes the snake was stone dead. Usually snakes' tails move for some time after death, but in this case there was not even a wriggle. The backwoodsman believes that the snake's death could not have been the result of his blow, as the injury was too slight to prove fatal.

OLD LONDON

All who love old London—and who does not?—will be grateful to our grown-up friend "The Builder" for the splendid pictures of Old London in the book it has just published called "Old London Illustrated." (3s. 6d.)

ON THE TRACKLESS ROAD

HOW THE TRAVELLERS FOUND THE WAY

Horse That Led a Party in
the Mountains

TRUE TALE FROM NORWAY

By a C.N. Reader

Reading the story of Old Tom going to London, which we gave the other day, a C.N. friend sends a true story of a horse in Norway.

A party of tourists was making an expedition over the mountains in Norway.

They were in that wild part of the country called the Home of the Giants, where there is neither road nor track. Guides have to be engaged to take travellers from one mountain hut to another, where they can sleep the night. Now and then a whitewashed boulder marks the way, but that is all.

Arrived at one particular hut, the party asked for a guide to their next stopping-place, some six hours farther on.

"No," said the hut-keeper; "they are all engaged."

"Then tell us the way," said the travellers, "we must go on"—for one of the party had an important engagement to keep.

"You cannot go without a guide," said the hut-keeper; "you must stop the night here."

Still they insisted.

"Well," said the man, at last, "there's my horse. He knows the way. You can take him."

After much hesitation over so queer a plan, the wish to press on prevailed. The man gave the horse a good pat, and sent him off, loose.

The party followed on foot. They felt encouraged at first as the horse kept to the marks of the whitened boulders, but presently the mountain mist came and blotted out every landmark.

The horse still went on, but after a time he stopped, and they began to have misgivings, for to be lost in such desolate and lonely country would indeed be terrible.

For some time the horse stopped and sniffed about. He went back a little way, and then started off in a different direction, the party submissively following.

For two hours they walked through mist, and then the horse led them into a clear valley. They came to a place where other horses were grazing, and the guide-horse whinnied and went up for a talk and a nose-rubbing with them, while the party meekly waited.

Presently, after passing the time of day with his friends, the guide again went on his way.

The rest of the journey was less adventurous, for they had now crossed the wild part of the mountains; and so, by easy and by dangerous paths for six hours, their horse-guide led them safely to their destination.

NEW SORT OF LIFEBOAT

Saving Space on Liners

The ordinary lifeboat carried on a large liner holds about forty people, and a great deal of space is occupied on a ship by the boats and safety rafts.

A new double-decked lifeboat has now been invented which can carry seventy people, while occupying only about the same space as the ordinary craft.

When not in use the upper deck folds up and rests on the lower seats, and so shallow is the whole apparatus that two complete boats can easily be placed under one set of davits.

The sides of the upper deck can be raised in a few seconds, and the oarsmen sit on this deck, the rowlocks being on the collapsible sides.

There are 18 air-tanks under the seats of the lower deck, which carry six cubic feet of air for each passenger.

LEAVES THAT BRING LIFE

How They Make Food for Man and Animal

A MILLION OPENINGS IN ONE LEAF

By Our Country Correspondent

Leaves this year have been later in falling than they have been in living memory.

Even the leaves of the trees have taken advantage of the extraordinarily prolonged summer weather and have remained on the trees much later than usual. They have not all fallen yet.

The falling of the leaves is, perhaps, the most noticeable sign that summer has ended, and even those strange people who never notice the changing of the tints in autumn must take notice of the fallen leaves, for, at any rate, they need sweeping up if the garden is to be tidy.

Leaves are really extremely important. They have been described as the heart, lungs, and stomach of a plant. Every leaf has a large number of stomata, or breathing pores, these exceeding a million in a large lime leaf; and as many as 170,000 have been counted on a single square inch of leaf surface.

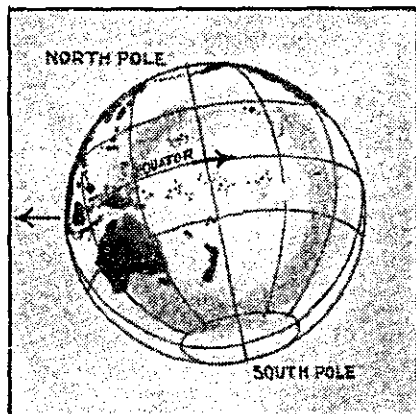
Even after the leaf has done its part in helping forward the life of the tree or other plant, and has fallen to the ground, its work is not finished, for it then forms the manure that will feed the ground and help the tree in the coming season.

The importance of leaves to the life of man and beast was referred to the other day by Mr. Martin E. E. Davey, of the United States House of Representatives.

The leaf, he said, is probably the most wonderful, and is certainly the most vital and indispensable, factor in the world of living things. It is the one and only connecting link between the organic and inorganic worlds. It is the only thing capable of transforming the various mineral elements into available food material for both plant and animal.

The only minerals that man can take into his system and use are water and salt, and he can use only a limited quantity of these. Every other element of food must come to him either directly or indirectly through the leaf.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at midnight on any day in November as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Continue to earth up celery and protect from early frosts, which are frequently succeeded by heavy rains, causing the plants to rot if previously allowed to be injured by frost.

Tie up endive for blanching, remove some from borders, plant on a dry slope, and protect from frost. Fill up gaps among lettuce, and protect them from the attacks of slugs, birds, etc. Wood ashes and soot combined should be dusted on them occasionally.

Plant roses, and protect them from the effects of severe frost by surrounding them with bracken or other rough litter.

Alterations to the pleasure-ground or shrubbery should be undertaken now.

BUFFALO BILL Museum on a Mountain Top

SCOUT WHO FED A CROWD

The death of the widow of Buffalo Bill, which has just taken place at Cody, in Wyoming, has followed rapidly upon the completion of the museum erected on the top of Lookout Mountain, Colorado, by the City of Denver in honour of Buffalo Bill, whose collections and possessions it houses.

The museum is built entirely of rough logs, and stands within 200 feet of Buffalo Bill's grave, a mile and a half above the level of the sea. From a verandah on the building can be seen three other states—Wyoming, Kansas, and Nebraska—and the view is declared to be the finest in the United States.

Inside the building all the fittings are made of tree trunks and branches with the bark still on them. The chandelier, and even the framework of the lamps, is formed of branches, and the wiring for the electric lights is run along the wood under the bark.

The exhibits consist of a queer collection of objects connected with the wild life of the Far West in the days that have gone for ever.

Life in the Wild West

There are the presents made by European sovereigns to Buffalo Bill, a fine collection of paintings of Wild West life in the old days, and the gun with which Buffalo Bill killed 4280 buffaloes in a year and a half.

This famous man was not primarily a showman, though by his Wild West Exhibition he showed Europe what American border life was really like. He was a great hunter and soldier, and was a member of the Nebraska Legislature.

His rank in the United States Army was that of colonel, and his real name was Colonel William F. Cody. He became known as Buffalo Bill from the fact that when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was being built, and there was difficulty in finding food for the great army of labourers needed to carry out the work, he contracted with the company to supply its labourers with meat, and in eighteen months, with his famous gun, shot 4280 buffaloes.

Afterwards he became a famous scout in the Wild West, when America was reaching out and carrying civilisation into lonely lands hitherto the home of the Red Men.

A POST OFFICE HAS AN IDEA

Saving Time and Labour

The United States Government has authorised the operation of a new postage machine by firms whose businesses involve the mailing of many thousands of letters.

The machine prints both the stamp and the cancellation of it at the same time, the number of stamps printed being recorded by a meter set to print 99,999 stamps. These stamps have to be paid for in advance through the Post Office Department.

Instead of the usual U.S. stamp, this apparatus prints on the letter the words: "U.S. Postage—Paid 2 cents." The cancellation shows the office and the time of mailing, and the envelopes, which are automatically sealed, are turned out at 250 a minute.

This means a great saving to all concerned. The Government will not have the expense of printing thousands of glued stamps, or of maintaining hundred of employees who previously did nothing but cancel stamps. The business houses will not only get their letters stamped more rapidly, but will also get them more quickly through the Post Office.

The operator of this machine can tell at a glance how many of his 99,999 stamps he has used, and how many he has left, and when they have all been used the Post Office Department can re-set and re-seal the meter in a very few minutes.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

What is a Cony?

The cony in England, especially that of the furrier's catalogue, is rabbit. The cony of the Bible is the hyrax.

How Long Does a Frog Live?

Several years, given favourable conditions. All the amphibia are long-lived, the toad being the patriarch of the tail-less kinds.

Why Does the Bower-Bird Build a Bower?

The habit is supposed to be part of the ceremony of courtship. The nest of the bird is made not in the bower but in a tree.

How Many Kinds of British Moths and Butterflies are There?

The number of species found in Great Britain is roughly 2000, of which not more than between sixty and seventy are butterflies.

Why Do Rooks Nest Together?

They are gregarious birds, birds whose nature it is to flock together. Like amiable human beings, they value the company of their fellows.

What are a Fly's Wings made of?

Each wing consists of two thin, tough membranes, an upper and a lower, strengthened by longitudinal hollow "ribs," or nervures, of chitin.

Does an Earthworm Lay Eggs?

Yes. The eggs are deposited in cocoons at various depths in the soil. The cocoons are mistaken for the ova, but each capsule contains several eggs.

What Should a Jackdaw be Fed On?

Taking bread and milk as the staple diet, jackdaws require a certain amount of meat, of insect food, and fruit. Their cages must be kept clean and dry.

Why are Birds of Paradise Dying Out?

Because women, reproducing in civilised society the merciless vanity of women in a state of savagery, wear these birds' plumes, and make their extermination profitable to the hunters.

Does an Earthworm Live after being Divided?

The two severed halves can grow new parts and each become a complete worm, but a divided worm cannot reunite its severed portions.

What Does a Linnet Eat?

In a cage or aviary the linnet eats canary seed, with the addition of a little summer rape-seed, and it likes the seed of the plantain, picking these out from the "rat's-tail" in which they grow.

Does a Cow's Eye Magnify?

No; this is a common error. The eyes of animals register as truly as our own. The blunder originates in the belief that a man could not master an animal if he appeared to the creature in his right size.

What is the Best Breed of Dog to Have?

That depends on individual taste, on the conditions to which the dog is to be introduced, and the purpose for which it is needed. It is impossible not to be fond of fox terriers for docility, activity, and intelligence.

Can a Goat Climb to the Top of a Mountain?

That depends upon the height of the mountain and the nature of the ascent. Goats and goat-like animals can climb heights impossible to man, but climbing is the business, not the pastime, of their lives. They do not ascend an Everest or a Mont Blanc because no food is there, and glory does not count with goats.

Can Shetland Produce Its Own Food?

Yes; good crops of oats, barley, turnips, and cabbages are raised, and poultry and fish are plentiful and cheap. These little islands are exceedingly interesting, and at one time formed part of the bridge of land that joined Iceland to Scotland. A well-illustrated article dealing with the islands and telling many interesting things about them is given in the C.N. monthly for December—My Magazine—now lying on the book-stalls with this paper.

SHOWERS OF METEORS

FRAGMENTS OF A LOST COMET

Where to Look for Next Week's Display

SUNS OF MANY COLOURS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

This evening, Saturday, and the first few evenings of next week should afford an opportunity of seeing some of the famous Andromeda meteors.

Unlike most meteor displays, they may be looked for from the early evening all through the night.

These meteoric fragments of the long lost Biela's Comet appear to move slowly because they are travelling in very much the same direction as the Earth, and every year a few are seen, though occasionally we get a very much finer display than usual.

These occasions correspond with the period when Biela's Comet would have been near the Earth had it not vanished. The present year, however, is not one in which much may be anticipated.

The group, or constellation, of stars known as Andromeda, from which the meteors appear to come, may quite easily be found.

Enormous Double Sun

In the C.N. for October 8 the great Square of Pegasus was described; this is now high up and due south between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening. The bright star at the upper left-hand corner of this square is Alpherat, the first star, or Alpha, in Andromeda. If an imaginary line be drawn away from the square toward the left from Alpherat and curving slightly upward, another star, just about as bright, will be seen.

This is Beta in Andromeda, also known as Mirach. About as far away again, and still curving slightly upward, is Almach, or Gamma, in Andromeda; and it is from near this star that the meteors appear to come.

Alpherat has been discovered to be a double sun, one revolving round the other in the very short period of 97



The chief stars of Andromeda, showing where Andromedids come from

days. Their combined light is nearly two hundred times greater than that of our Sun, so they must be enormous.

They are 7,600,000 times farther away; and we shall get an idea of what this means if we imagine our Sun, which is 93 million miles away, to be only ten feet away from us. On the same scale Alpherat would then be 14,400 miles off, or 2000 miles farther than New Zealand.

Day of Varied Hues

Mirach, or Beta, in Andromeda is half the distance of Alpherat, its light taking about 58 years to reach us. It is believed to be not very much larger than our own Sun, and to be receding from us at nearly seven miles a second, while Alpherat gets but three miles farther away every second.

Almach, or Gamma, in Andromeda is the most interesting and beautiful of the three. It is approaching us by nearly eight miles every second, and when viewed through even a small telescope is seen to be composed of two lovely suns, one golden, and the slightly smaller one apparently blue.

But a powerful telescope will show this smaller one to be actually a pair of suns, one emerald and the other azure. These two revolve round the golden sun, so that any worlds that revolve around them will be blessed with almost perpetual day of varying hues. G. F. M.

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds
of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 21 Tom's News

TEA seemed to last about a year, but the moment it was over Dicky started again for the gates. He had hardly reached them when Tom walked in.

"Tom!" gasped Dicky.
"Hush!" whispered Tom swiftly. "I've got to report myself. Meet me in the box-room in a quarter of an hour. And don't worry. I've got some news."

All the rest of that long afternoon had hardly seemed so long as that last quarter of an hour, but the fifteen minutes had hardly ended before Tom turned up.

"I say," he began, "the Doctor was decent. He let me off with twenty English lines."

"Yes, but Calvert. What about Calvert?" demanded Dicky.

"All right. I'm going to tell you the whole thing. It was just as we thought. Calvert went straight up to the Hollow. It was easy as pie following him. I just kept the other side of the hedges, and he never knew anyone was within a mile of him."

"He went up to Janion's place, and knocked. I'd got into the marpits by that time, and had squatted among the bushes where I could see quite easily. No one answered, and Calvert got fearfully wrathful. He tried to get in, but that was no use. The doors were locked, and the windows have got boards nailed across them."

"At last he turned round, and I thought he was going away. I felt pretty sick that I'd had all my trouble for nothing. And just then Janion came slinking in from the upper side of the Hollow, exactly like an old dog-fox."

"Janion spotted Calvert, and began blowing him up for coming to the Hollow; Calvert talked back, and they had a regular slanging match. I almost thought they'd start hitting one another, but after a bit they cooled down and came to business. And what do you think Calvert had come for? It was the bag—Miss Morland's bag."

Dicky's eyes widened, and his whole face expressed utter amazement.

"Calvert wanted Miss Morland's bag!" he repeated. "B-but what for?"

Tom shook his head.
"That beats me, Dicky. As far as I could hear Calvert didn't say a word as to why he wanted it, but I think Janion knew all right."

"And did Janion give it him?"

"No, he didn't! When Calvert asked Janion for it, Janion got simply furious, and said the most awful things. Calvert got very wrathful, too, but he kept his wits, and at last I heard him offer Janion money for the bag."

"They bargained for ever so long, and I couldn't hear all they said, for sometimes they were only whispering. But at last they struck some sort of bargain."

"Did Janion give him the bag?" broke in Dicky breathlessly.

"No, he hadn't got it. It seems he'd hidden it."

"Where?"

"All right. Don't get excited. I was going to tell you. It's up in one of the Swallet Holes."

Dicky gasped.

"What—in the cliffs?"

"Yes, and Janion's going to fetch it for him."

Dicky looked utterly dismayed.

"He'll go tomorrow, I suppose, and here I'm gated and can't go after him!"

CHAPTER 22 Long Leave

"DON'T get excited, Dicky," said Tom drily. "Janion's not going tomorrow. Calvert wanted him

to, but he said he couldn't. He told him he had to go to Greenshields, and that he'd go the next day."

The gloom lifted like magic from Dicky's face.

"Splendid! And it's a half, too. We'll get after him."

Tom was not so sanguine.

"That's all very well, but suppose he goes first thing in the morning? Even if we get leave off dinner we can't go till twelve."

Dicky's face fell again.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said unhappily.

"We must take our chances," said Tom soberly. "If we can get off at twelve we might catch him coming back. It's a goodish way up to the Swallet Holes, and a chap like Janion doesn't get up early."

Dicky, perched on the edge of a playbox, sat silent, frowning.

"It's no use our meeting him, Tom," he said, at last. "We couldn't take the bag from him."

"No," agreed Tom, "but we might see what he did with it, and perhaps collar it out of his cottage. We've just got to set our wits to work."

Again Dicky thought a while before replying. Then he burst out:

"It isn't the bag we want, Tom; it's the papers!"

"That's just what I was thinking of," answered Tom. "Question is, will they be in the bag?"

"Perhaps. But Janion won't give them up to Calvert. He's holding them for the reward he wants to screw out of Miss Morland. But, Tom, what in the world does Calvert want with the bag?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"I haven't a ghost of a notion. But it isn't for any good. You can be sure of that."

"It's the craziest sort of puzzle," sighed Dicky. Then his face cleared.

"But never mind. We'll manage to get leave on Saturday, and somehow we'll find out something."

Tom grinned.

"That's the proper spirit, old chap. Now we'd better go and get our books."

Next day, Friday, was a full school day, and though it seemed a year long, Dicky did not find it as bad as the day before.

Saturday dawned fine and clear, but with a hard look in the sky and a strongish breeze. The great question that worried Dicky all through the early morning school was whether he and Tom would be able to get long leave. Senior boys who were going for long walks got it easily, but it was not always granted to juniors. The time to apply was just before second hour, and Dicky felt desperately nervous as he tapped at the Doctor's study door.

"You want long leave?" said the Doctor, frowning a little.

"What for?"

"Burland and I are going for a bit of a tramp, sir."

Dicky looked straight at the Doctor.

"I haven't had much exercise the last two days, sir," he ventured to suggest.

The Doctor smiled, and Dicky knew his cause was won.

"All right. The matron will give you some sandwiches. Don't get into trouble."

"Thank you very much, sir," answered Dicky gratefully, and was off like a bird to tell Tom. But as he went his pace slackened.

"Don't get into trouble," he repeated. "I say, I wonder what the Doctor would say if he knew what we were going to try to do."

This, however, did not seem a very comforting train of thought, so Dicky set it resolutely aside and made up his mind to trust to luck.

Two hours later, their pockets stuffed with sandwiches and cake,

carrying also string, knives, matches, an electric torch, some candle ends, and various odds and ends, they slipped off quietly and hurried away in the direction of the Hollow.

CHAPTER 23

Joe Defies Janion

THE two reached the Hollow without meeting anyone except a farm hand busy lopping a hedge.

There was smoke rising from the chimney of Janion's dilapidated cottage, and the sight raised their spirits. It looked as if the man were at home or, at any rate, not far off.

But whether he had already been to the Swallet Holes that morning or was going in the afternoon was a point on which they could not be certain. They slipped into the thick growth above the Hollow and dropped down to consider their plans.

Dicky boldly suggested that he should go and scout, and peep through the windows of the cottage in order to see whether Janion was there or not.

But Tom thought this proceeding too risky, and suggested that they had better sit where they were and eat their luncheon.

"The chances are," he said, "that Janion is having his dinner. Then if he's going to the Swallet Holes he'll start pretty soon. If he's been there already, why, then the bag is in the house, and he'll be waiting for Calvert to come for it. Calvert hasn't got long leave, so he can't be up here before half-past two."

Dicky had to admit that this was sound sense, and the two sat and slowly ate their sandwiches and cake. Nothing happened, and even Tom began to get restless. Two o'clock boomed faintly from the church clock in the valley far below, and still all was quiet.

They waited until Dicky got fairly desperate.

"I'm jolly well going to creep up and see if Janion is there," he said. "I can easily hide in all those thick nettles."

Tom frowned.

"I don't like it," he said. "There's not only the risk of Janion catching us, but we don't want him to see us at all."

Dicky nodded.

"I know that, but we're wasting all our time. We must do something. I'm going, Tom."

He was actually starting when Tom grabbed his arm.

"Wait! There's someone coming."

He pointed; and Dicky, looking round, saw a tall, upright figure walking swiftly up the hillside.

"It—it's Joe Last!" he gasped.

"It's Joe, sure enough," replied

Tom. "Now perhaps we shall find out something."

They dropped again into the thick cover. Dicky's heart was thumping uncomfortably. Though by this time he knew that Joe was in some way mixed up in this queer business, he was still quite in the dark as to how. And he hated the idea of Joe having anything to do with anyone so unpleasant as Janion.

Joe's approach was very different from Calvert's. He came straight up to Janion's miserable hovel and gave a good hard thump on the rickety old door.

There was a short pause, then the door opened and Janion appeared. He was in his shirt-sleeves—a very dirty shirt. He certainly had not shaved that morning or brushed his hair. Dicky doubted if he had even washed. He looked thoroughly frowzy and disreputable.

The sight of Joe Last seemed to cause him both annoyance and fright.

"What do you want?" he demanded, scowling. "You haven't got no business here."

Dicky could see Joe's lip curl scornfully.

"I certainly shouldn't come for pleasure," Joe replied curtly. "You can be pretty sure of that. I have to speak to you."

For a moment Janion's face was so ugly that Dicky almost thought he was going for Joe. But he seemed to think better of it.

"Don't stand outside there, then," he snarled. "You can't tell who may be spying around. Come on inside."

Joe did not move.

"Spying," he said bitterly. "Do you mean the police?"

"Yes," growled the man.

"Croome's had a chap hanging round here off and on for several days past."

"Why don't you clear out, then?" asked Joe.

"Clear out! How can I? I've got no money to keep myself, let alone to go travelling." He paused. "And that's your fault," he added, with an ugly expression.

Dicky was quivering with excitement. What Janion meant he could not imagine. He waited breathlessly for what was to come next.

He was doomed to disappointment.

"Come in, I tell you," went on Janion urgently. "It ain't safe for us two to be seen talking." And Joe, though with evident reluctance, followed the man through the low-roofed doorway.

Dicky turned to Tom, and for once Tom's usually stolid face was as full of disappointment as his own.

"What does it all mean?" demanded Dicky.

But Tom shook his head.

"It beats me," he confessed, and fell silent.

Dicky lay still, racking his brains and listening with all his ears. There was very little glass left in the window, and he hoped that he might hear something that would shed some light on the mystery.

But though the two voices were just audible, he could not distinguish a word that was being said.

Some minutes passed, then suddenly Janion's voice rose hoarse, loud, and threatening.

"Not much, I tell you. Promises ain't good enough for me. You've got to give me ten pounds. If you don't I splits."

Dicky caught his breath.

Then he heard Joe Last laugh—a hard, reckless laugh.

"You might as well ask me for the moon," he retorted, and his voice, though not raised like Janion's, was clear enough just to reach Dicky's ears. "And as for splitting, as you call it, you know jolly well you daren't do anything of the kind."

Who Was He?

An Eccentric Author

AN English youth who had been born in Ireland and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, came to England in the year that James II lost his throne, and obtained a post as secretary to a retired diplomat living in Surrey.

The drudgery of the task, however, proved so irksome that the youth returned to Dublin, took orders, and became the clergyman of a quiet village near Belfast.

This also proved too quiet for his liking, and once more he gave up his work, returning to Surrey to help his former employer arrange his papers.

During the three years he remained there he found time to write one or two books that are read by scholars today, and their titles are quite well known to most people. They are masterpieces of satire, and make fun of the hypocrisies and shams of the day in which they were written.

The young clergyman next returned to Ireland, became a dignitary of the Church, and acquired a reputation as a wit. Then he came to London.

He wrote a number of books, mostly political, and kept a private journal which has since been published, although it was never intended for the public eye, and consequently is written with great frankness. It is one of the most fascinating diaries ever produced, and is read today.

The clergyman had considerable political influence and wanted to be made a bishop, but in this he failed, and he retired to Ireland, where he lived for the next thirty years, and devoted much of his time to attacking tyranny and oppression.

He wrote many satires and poems, and one book, the most famous of all his works, is among the immortal classics of the English language. But, strangely enough, though it was intended entirely as a satire on the cant and shams of the day, the meaning of the allusions and references to current events is almost entirely lost, and it survives only as a popular story for boys and girls. The author would have been amazed if he could have known that this would be the case.

He lived in fear of madness during his later years, and no doubt there was a strain of insanity in his nature, for he certainly behaved very strangely at times.

He would, for instance, chase his guests about the house with a horsewhip, and when visiting would insist on his host's meal times being altered to suit his taste. He would even order a tree to be cut down in his host's garden if it obstructed the view from his bedroom window.

Here is his portrait. Who was he?



TO BE CONTINUED

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November 19, 1921

The Children's Newspaper

11



To Be Merry Best Becomes Us



DI MERRYMAN

THE lady motorist was pulled up by the police for dangerous driving.

"You were doing over forty miles an hour," said the policeman. "Over forty miles an hour?" echoed the lady. "Why, I have not been out an hour yet!"

Finding Trouble

A BUFFALO, much underfed, found a beehive one day near his bed; But such was his luck Both his horns became stuck, And he's worn the hive since on his head.

WHEN is a picture like weak tea? When it is not well drawn.

Beheaded Word

COMPLETE, I am increasing; behead me, and I am a manly pastime; behead again, and I am due; behead a fourth time, and I am part of a bird; behead again and transpose, and I am a trap; behead a sixth time, and I am a preposition.

WHAT is the difference between photography and influenza? One makes facsimiles and the other makes sick families.

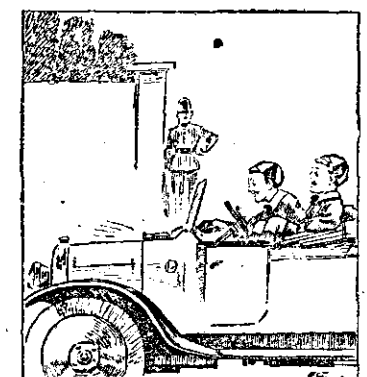
A Very Close Shave

THERE was a young ebony slave Who daily his master did shave; One day in a doze He sliced off his nose, And buried it deep in a cave.

WHY is a spider a good correspondent? Because it drops a line at almost every post.

What Is This?

ONE ray of light divide in twain, Two perfect words you'll see quite plain; Each the same meaning will convey, Our present state they both display.



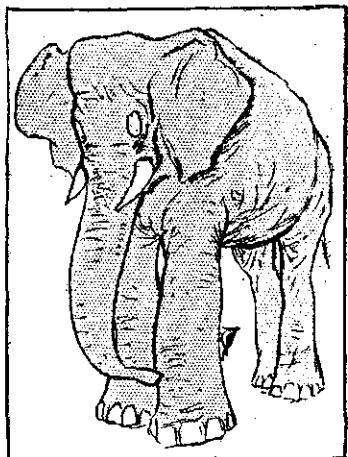
ADVENTURES of Augustus & Marmaduke
AUGUSTUS and young Marmaduke, I'm very grieved to say, On Mr. Johnson's motor-horn they tried a tune to play. Pip! pip! it went; and Pip! pip! pip! and Pip! pip! pip! again. "The people here," said Marmaduke, "will soon know this refrain."

So Gussie said to Marmaduke, "It's time we ran away; If Mr. Johnson should appear he'll have a lot to say." Away they ran, but down the street Policeman William stood; He had been watching all the time, just as policemen should. He marched them back, and, placing them in Mr. Johnson's car, Drove with them to the magistrate's, which wasn't very far.

Arithmetical Problem

TAKE the numbers 1 to 9 and, using each number once only, make up 100 by addition and multiplication. Solution next week

A Sad Mistake



THE WOODPECKER: "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Elephant. I mistook you for a forest."

A Soft Answer

BILLY upset the pepper-pot and the pepper was scattered all over the dinner table. "You are a bad boy!" said his mother. "It would serve you right if I put all that pepper in your mouth!" "May I upset the sugar-basin, mother?" was the young hopeful's quick retort.

That's Polly

BROWN eyes, straight nose; Dirt pies, rumpled clothes; Torn books, spoilt toys; Arch looks, unlike a boy's; Falling down, off chairs; Breaking crown, downstairs; Catching flies on the pane; Deep sighs, cause not plain; Bribing you with kisses For a few farthing blisses; New shoes, new frock; Vague views of what's o'clock When it's time to go to bed, And scorn sublime of what is said. Bedgown white, kiss Dolly; Good-night!—that's Polly.

W. B. RANDS

WHAT was Julius Caesar's greatest feat of strength? Throwing three bridges across the River Tiber.

A Great Discovery

A WELL-KNOWN scientist had been giving a lecture, and he had mentioned that many of the greatest discoveries were the result of pure accidents.

Meeting him after the lecture a lady told the scientist that she quite believed what he had said, for she had once made a great discovery herself.

"Indeed, madam, I should like to hear of it," he replied politely. "Well," said the lady, "I discovered, quite accidentally, that if you keep ink handy you can use a fountain pen just the same as an ordinary one, and, what is more, you do not have the mess and trouble of filling it."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Curtailment
Patent, paten, pate, Pat, pa

The Pilgrims
He had heard the teacher say that they had set out from "The Tabard Inn."

Events in History
Landing of the Prince of Orange, 1688

The Jacko Family Aboard

JACKO was grinning all over his mischievous little face.

"You seem mighty pleased with yourself," remarked his brother, poking his head out of the carriage window to see where the delicious smell of bacon was coming from.

It came from the next compartment, where his mother was busy getting the breakfast.

A wonderful woman was Mother Jacko. To look at her you might think she hadn't a care in the world; yet here they were with no home, and with no prospect of one, camping in a deserted railway carriage which Jacko had discovered the night before.

Father Jacko felt his responsibilities keenly; and it annoyed him to hear "that boy" whistling like a steam engine and looking so supremely contented.

"Now, then!" he cried. "Get a move on—can't you?"

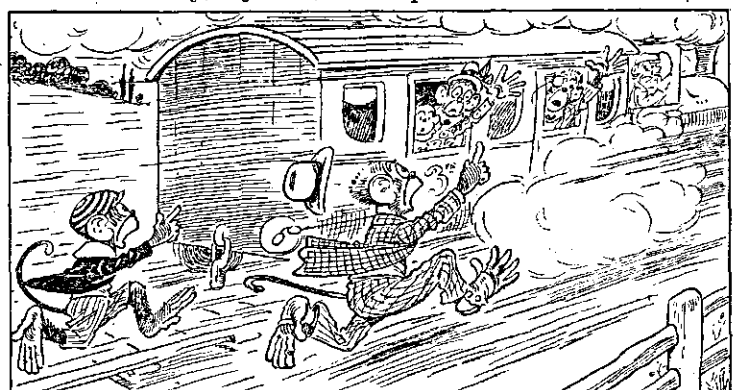
Jacko obliged him by skipping over the railway line and beginning a wild hornpipe.

In the middle of it Mother called them in to breakfast, and soon they were all sitting round her, making short work of her eggs and bacon and her excellent coffee.

Father began to cheer up.

"Sleep well, Mother?" he asked.

"Not so badly, my dear," she replied. "Of course I missed



"Stop! Stop!" he was crying at the top of his voice

my feather bed. These seats are a trifle hard, but I've no doubt I shall soon get used to them."

"Used to them!" cried Brother Adolphus. "We aren't going to live here for ever, are we?"

"If you don't like it," said his father, "find us something better. This might be a lot worse."

"My idea!" said Jacko—"Pass the marmalade, please—I reckon I was a pretty smart chap to think of it."

"So you were," said his mother, trying to keep the peace. "You're a great help, dear. I don't know what we should do without you."

At that moment Jacko lurched forward to get to his pocket, caught his arm against the tray, and sent it spinning. Crash!

"You great clumsy elephant!" cried Adolphus, jumping up and sending a shower of coffee over the rest of the party.

"There! there!" said Mother. "What do a few cups and saucers matter? We've plenty. And I'll make you some more coffee, Dad, before you can say Jack Robinson."

But Father was saying a good deal more than that! He put on his hat, kicked open the door, and stamped out.

Jacko followed him.

"Some people are never satisfied," he grumbled, as he wandered off.

He hadn't gone far when he heard a shout. It was from Big Brother Adolphus.

"Stop! Stop!" he was crying at the top of his voice.

Jacko dashed back, and his father dashed after him.

Very quietly an engine had steamed up, had picked up the railway carriage, and was steaming off again; and it took the combined lung power of the family to stop it.

Ici on Parle Français



Un essieu La toile La pompe
Il faut que l'essieu soit graissé
L'araignée est au milieu de sa toile
Allons chercher l'eau à la pompe



Le câble La mûre Le balcon
Le câble sert à amarrer le navire
On trouve des mûres en automne
Passons la soirée sur le balcon

Notes and Queries

What is a Learned Faculty?
A body of teachers of a particular kind, such as those of law or medicine.

What are Bacteria? Tiny, rod-shaped vegetable organisms which can only be seen with the aid of the microscope. The name comes from the Greek word for staff, or rod.

What is a County Palatine?
A division of country formerly under the rule of a count exercising royal authority. Palatine comes from the word palace. The Counties palatine in England are Lancashire, Cheshire, and Durham.

Tales Before Bedtime

Jimbo

JIMBO had a kitten named Snowball. She was a pretty little creature, and Jimbo was very fond of her, so you may imagine how he felt when he came down one morning and found her basket on the hearth-rug empty.

She wasn't in the kitchen, where he ran to look for her; indeed, she was not in the house at all. And she wasn't in the garden, though Jimbo hunted and hunted and called her name for ever so long.

He had to go in to breakfast at last, but he didn't eat much.

Where could she be?

"Have you asked Mr. Robinson if he has seen anything of her?" his mother said.

Mr. Robinson lived next door, and, as soon as Jimbo was allowed to get down from the table, he ran off to see him.

"Lost your kitten, have you?" said Mr. Robinson. "I shouldn't be surprised if my Teddy knew something about it. You go and ask him. You'll find him in the garden."

And there was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke.

Teddy wasn't in the garden, but he was in the field beyond, and when Jimbo caught sight of him he was stooping down by the river-side.

He held something white in his arms. Jimbo gasped, for it was Snowball.

Jimbo darted forward.

"What are you doing with my kitten?" he cried.

"Giving her a ducking to teach her a lesson," said Teddy.

"How dare you!" cried Jimbo, going up to him and snatching Snowball out of his arms.

"She stole my porridge



Jimbo hit out

cream," said Teddy. "I'll teach her!"

"I'll teach you!" cried Jimbo, dropping the kitten and hitting out.

Teddy struck out too, and, being the bigger, he got the best of it. Jimbo was plucky, but if his father hadn't come up and stopped them he would have had a bad time.

The boys shook hands and made friends, and Jimbo went off with his pet.

But he took good care that she never had a chance to steal Teddy's cream again.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

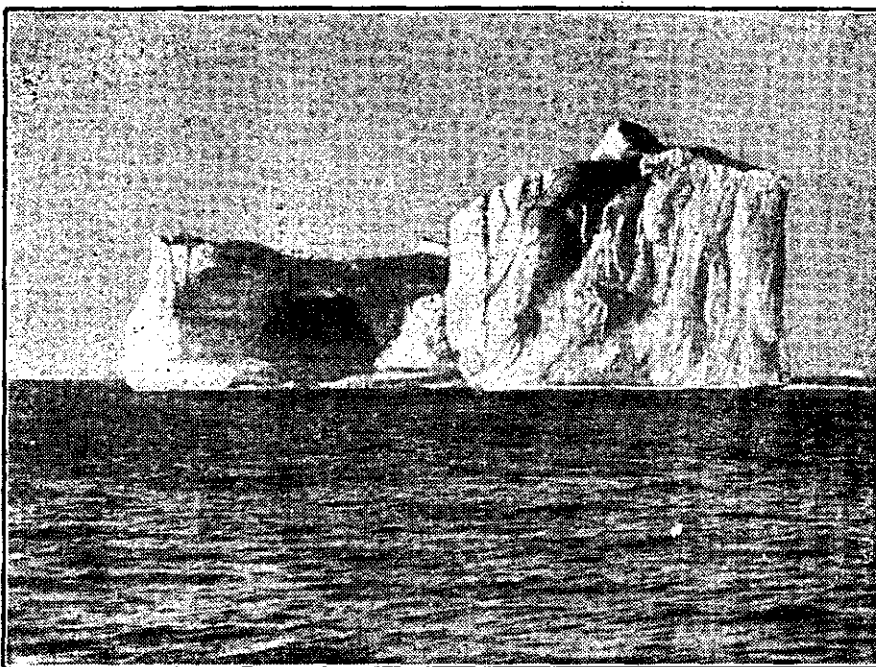
CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

November 19, 1921

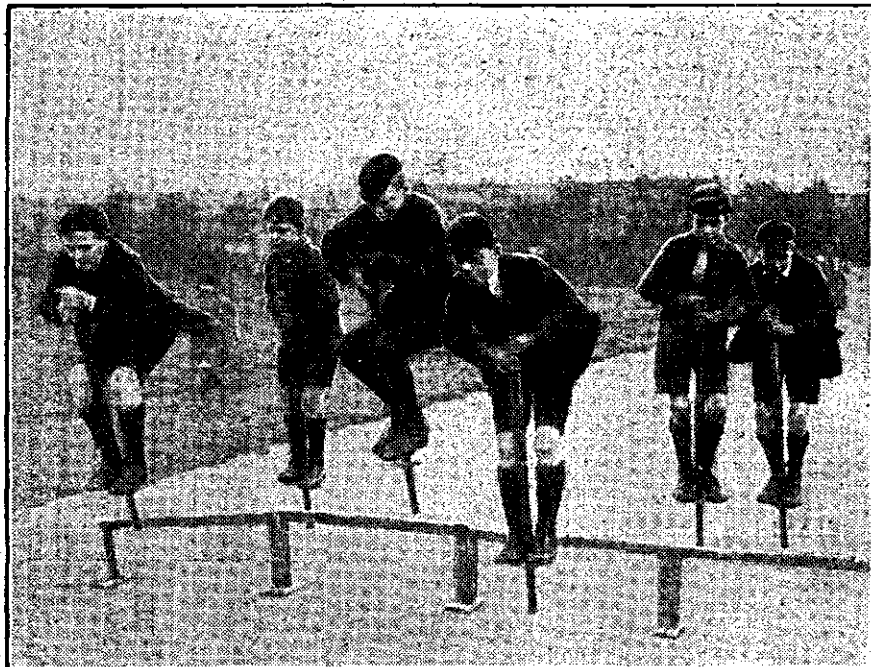
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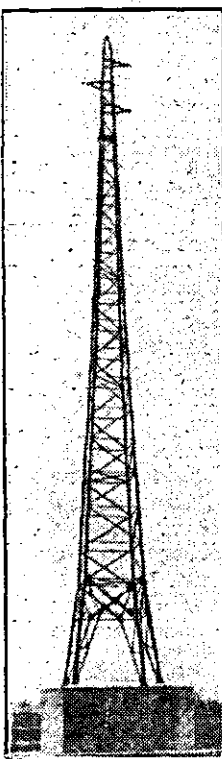
ICEBERG OFF SCOTLAND · POWER BY WIRELESS · IN THE BALL OF ST. PAUL'S



Iceberg Comes to Scotland—This giant iceberg was seen floating off the Orkneys the other day, having travelled down from the Frozen North. Only one-tenth shows above the water



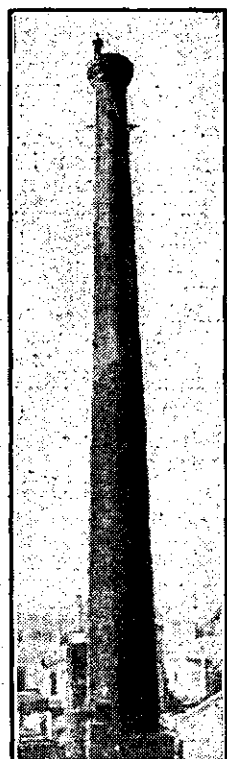
A Queer Race in London—An unusual sight was witnessed in London the other day when a number of boys had a race on pogo sticks, as seen here. Some boys jumped more than two feet



Power by Wireless—An aerial tower near Berlin that transmits power by wireless to a factory. See page 5



A Scout of the Far West—Scouting in the modern sense originated in America, and the Boy Scouts of the United States love to dress up like Red Indians and do their scouting in that guise. Here we see a schoolboy scout tracking his companions on the sand dunes of California



The Steeplejack's Walk—A steeplejack at Northampton walking round the top of a chimney 131 feet high to inspect its condition



The Fallen Monarch—The great statue of King Frederick III of Prussia, which was overturned by the people of Metz when the German dominion ended in Alsace-Lorraine



At the Very Top of London—The ball and cross at the top of St. Paul's Cathedral are now undergoing repairs, and this photograph, taken by pointing the camera up, shows a workman inside the ball. The effect is seen best by holding the picture over the head and looking up



Post Supplants a King—The fine statue of Paul Deroulade at Metz, which has been cast from the bronze of the overturned statue of the Prussian King Frederick III